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**John Sloan and the Armory Show** *by Van Wyck Brooks*

**There Is No "Modern Music"** *by Gordon Bailey Washburn*

**Paintings of Everyday Life** *by Denis de Rougemont*



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### 110th Anniversary

Although approved by the governor and general assembly two years earlier, the Wadsworth Atheneum opened its doors in July, 1844. It was the first art museum in this country. We salute 110 years of valuable service and leadership.

The \$20,000 original subscription for financing the institution seems paltry by modern standards. Its opening, however, was a great success according to the papers of the period.

Purchasing the defunct New York Academy of Fine Arts' collection and five paintings of Revolutionary subjects, Hartford's art gallery became the city's cultural center.

For almost 50 years growth was sporadic. Then with Morgan money and local support the museum was renovated. Since the end of the last century, the Wadsworth Atheneum has gradually acquired an outstanding collection (see the Rubens on the cover of this issue). Much credit for its standing as a great museum must go to three energetic and farsighted directors: Frank Butler Gay 1911-1927, A. Everett Austin, Jr. 1928-1945, and Charles C. Cunningham, the present director, who has served since 1946.

With an impressive and growing membership, a varied and popular program, good leadership and a fine collection, the Wadsworth Atheneum plays an important role in stimulating art interest in Connecticut. If you have not been there, we suggest a visit.

### The Fear of Buying

Can more art be sold? Must artists barely eke out a living? Is the public afraid to buy?

A friend recently asked for help in buying a picture. I asked why, and he said, "It's so hard to tell what is *really* good, and I don't want to be cheated."

"Only you know what you like", I replied, "Get a work you like and that you can live with. Collecting must be creative to be enjoyable for you can't get pleasure by buying merely what is popular and will win social approval."

"I know," he said, "but pictures are expensive. If I change my mind next year and want something different, I want to be able to get my money back."

It makes sense. At a recent Parke Bernet auction two paintings sold at \$60 apiece. Each by a well known artist, they had cost at least \$500 at galleries when first sold. I asked a dealer how much he would charge for another work to be auctioned. "The gallery would charge \$700."

Bidding was spirited. It sold for \$300, but not to the dealer. "We have so many of his works already, and we don't sell many," he said later.

More than 60 paintings were sold at prices less than \$400 in two days at a P.T.A. show in December. A million and a half art books were sold by Harry N. Abrams for 50¢ each. Everyone agrees that there are few very rich collectors left, but the market is still geared to their pocketbooks. When will 57th Street eyes open to the large potential market?

A few veterans who have worked a long time command high prices and get them. These artists have shown for years, they have reputations, they are mature and experienced. But they are few in number.

"When I was young I thought that I was entitled to a high price because I'd worked hard on a picture," Will Barnet said recently. "I didn't realize that it was more important to have paintings hung and seen. Most of us made this mistake, and young artists are still making it."

Barnet's advice is sound. The beginner gets in a group show. With luck he gets a solo. Unknown, but proud, he asks high prices. Most dealers try to convince him to be reasonable; however, the resulting compromise remains exorbitant. Result—my friend, who's willing to gamble \$200 on a picture he likes, is afraid of buying. No sale!

The moral of this story is that ten sales at a low price are worth more than ten times no sales at a high price. The artist eats and is encouraged, the dealer pays his rent and stays in business, and the young collector is happy with his acquisition and continues collecting.

### Questionnaires Pour In

I want to express our thanks to all of our readers who took time to fill in and return the reader survey. We did not expect such a large return or that so many of you would write detailed answers. It will be some weeks before we can tabulate them all, but when the job is completed we will publish a summary.

It takes much time reading all of the questionnaires, but they are fascinating, and I'm learning a lot about you. It will help us in planning future issues. Here are a few of the comments that you have written.

"More sculpture, and possibly photography."

"Hope you tailor your mag for practicing artists and intellectuals rather than collectors and amateurs."

"Stop trying to make abstract pictures important."

"Have just started the Famous Artists Course which has opened up a whole new field for me . . . I want to read everything I can now."

"Keep up the good work. Good luck!"

"Have more features on commercial art."

"Your magazine has too much plain reporting. Not informative enough in your criticisms. Explain all the plastic terms you use so glibly . . . don't assume—EDUCATE! !"

"It has improved 100% in the last year. The 'S' in ARTS is a big improvement. How about color on the inside?"

### Scented Subways

The French have done it again. Perfume for subways. To sweeten the Metro's air, scent has been added. Parisians inhale eau de cologne on the way to Neuilly and odor of balsam when riding to the Port d'Orleans station. Other lines have lilac, carnation, and gardenia scents.

We hope our own transit people will adopt the idea. It will be a pleasure riding the Flatbush line and sneezing to the aroma of "My Sin", "Taboo", or "Passion".



John Sloan: *Gloucester Trolley*, 1917

## John Sloan and the Armory Show *by Van Wyck Brooks*

Beginning in 1914, John Sloan spent five summers at Gloucester, with its fishing village atmosphere, on Cape Anne, where many artists gathered,—too many, Sloan felt in the end,—and where he and his wife Dolly rented a small red cottage.

This move to Gloucester marked a new phase in Sloan's life, for thereafter almost all of his summers were spent out of the city and he virtually gave up painting the pictures of New York so many of which had been prompted by the summer life there. For summer was the open season and the artist's hunting ground when people came out and lived on the roofs and in the streets. But his conversion to socialism had made him self-conscious in choosing subjects that might be associated with propaganda, and the teaching that he also began in 1914 led him rather into figure work and landscape. "Teaching began to stir my interest in painting the figure," he said, "I wanted to keep a little ahead of my students"; and this was only one outward sign of a deep inner change which the Armory Show had induced the year before. For the Armory Show had revolutionized his thinking about art. As Sloan said later, "I began consciously to work from plastic motives more than from what might er-

roneously be called 'story-telling' motives." In short, summering at Gloucester, the Armory Show, teaching and social consciousness had weaned him away from painting "Sloans," the popular name for his early pictures, a name that he resented when he felt he had gone far beyond this work.

Some years later Sloan returned to the painting of New York scenes with more consciously formal motives and "orchestral colour," his phrase for the palette, greatly enlarged, that was already supplanting what he came to regard as his old timid browns and greys. Meanwhile, as his interest in the city waned, his interest rose in landscape, as well as in small-town-life scenes and pictures of the sea, and he began to work regularly out of doors every day, not waiting for a subject to arouse him. His city pictures had been painted from memory; he had seldom even drawn in the streets. At most he had made a slight sketch on a scrap of paper, coming home to paint his picture or to etch; although he had attempted out-door sketching at Flushing one afternoon, attracted by the copper beeches and the birches and oaks there. He had even tried landscape sketching in oil near Philadelphia, when he was visiting his mother, but the results had never satisfied him, while, working in Gloucester, in the open air, he found himself bringing his colour up "from the low tonality," as he put it, "of the early things."

From the book *JOHN SLOAN: A PAINTER'S LIFE*. Copyright 1955, by Van Wyck Brooks. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.



In one of his later notes he was to write, "Landscape is the very best way to wake up your colour sense," while teaching you to "exercise freedom in editing nature"; for, as he went on, "in painting a head you hesitate to leave out an eye or a chin but you can omit with impunity a brook or a tree." He added, however, about landscape painting, that he stuck pretty faithfully to nature, sometimes leaving details out but rarely putting details in that did not exist in the scene he was painting. He continued with this interesting note on a younger painter: "I can remember that back in Gloucester when Stuart Davis was still very young and painting what you call representational pictures, he was already taking things from different parts of the landscape to put in his compositions. That was a sign that he was beginning to work abstractly."

The landscapes that Sloan made in Gloucester in 1914 were his earliest response, he felt, to the Armory Show in the use of texture-colour and a more linear way of handling brush-work. He said you could see Van Gogh's influence in some of this work, and the heightening of his colour sense was to meet the wishes of J. B. Yeats who had greatly liked, —in its place,—Sloan's "mountain gloom." Yeats, however, had written to him, "Your skies are sinister and gloomy curtains . . . by no means the *divine things* they really are—divine as contrasted with the terrestrial, as are pretty women and children among sluts and rowdies. In your personal presence I dared not say these things"; and Yeats had begged Sloan to look at some Cazins and notice how bright and light in colour were the skies in contrast to his own heavy browns and opaque purples. "Your early admiration for Eakins is your misdoing," Yeats remarked in a letter that was prophetic of the work Sloan was to do; while he rejoiced that Sloan had gone to the country and that he had taken up landscape painting. "My test of a landscape is this," he said, —"does the sky and the distance die away *into nothingness* . . . I have never wept over a landscape but I have wept over a painted landscape, such as Hobbema or Constable paints,—modest truthful landscapes where the note is not forced, and where there is no indecent display of technique, only intensity of feeling."

Along with landscape, Sloan had taken up lithography, while he developed in drawing a wood-cut manner, trying to get an effect as of "free wood engraving" in some of his illustrations for magazines and books. He bought two books on Thomas Bewick, whom Audubon had visited in England, remarking, "Those old vignettes are beautiful things, full of humour and 'great' art . . . His tiniest prints are noble and spacious in design." Somewhat in Bewick's manner, he made a bookplate for Rockwell Kent, who had been staying on Monhegan island, finding his city resolutions melting away in this fisherman's world where men lived and toiled in a tremendous fashion. Kent liked a dinner of lentils, potatoes, onions, rice and lima beans "all stewed up together in their own blood" there, while Henri, who was at Monhegan too, "went into raptures," Kent said, over this Bewickesque bookplate that Sloan had made. But, while there was no cooling of their old affection, Sloan and Henri were drawing apart, largely because of the Armory Show that marked a new epoch in American painting and put Henri's nose out of joint. Sloan had always fiercely defended Henri, his "art father," against the attacks and slurs of young and old, against Luks's "scrofulously offensive" remarks and Yeats's observation that Henri's work was "getting too empty." He was always saying that Henri's critics were unable to see

the whole of his work, that his landscapes and city pictures were too little known and that people only knew his portraits, although Henri himself had been to blame for this, for he chose to appear solely as a portrait painter. While his landscapes were among the finest things he did, he made a point of keeping them out of sight, for he saw that the critics were confused when they could not pigeonhole a man. But, grateful as Sloan continued to be for Henri's revolt against artifice and the reign of French nineteenth-century academic art, he cared less and less himself for Henri's "flourishing brush-work" and his precepts about rapidity and "spontaneous statement." Always looking up to him, Sloan had never dreamed of crossing him, but he found himself, after the Armory Show going to school, a beginner, again, as if all of Henri's teaching had come to naught.

Henri, in short, had been dethroned, and not in Sloan's eyes only, for he was no longer the leader in American art,—this domineering older man who liked to lay down the law although he defended, abstractly, freedom of opinion. He bitterly resented the Armory Show, feeling that now he was out of things,—the things that he had been running so long himself,—and, while hurting his pride, it kept him, Sloan thought, from learning a great deal that might have been beneficial for his own work. But, living through the whole modern movement, Henri had not reacted to it. Blind or hostile to Renoir, Matisse and Picasso, he had cared only for Rouault, with a handful of Cézannes; nor, in all his years abroad, had he been interested in the great old masters to whom the ultra-moderns had opened Sloan's eyes. He had never mentioned Mantegna, Carpaccio, Bellini, and he had retained Eakins's love of the sombre and the heavy when Sloan himself was fighting for more colour. Sloan, who was thinking more and more about formal relationships in his work and what he called "the concept of the thing as it is known in the mind," had ceased to be interested in Henri's "surface painting," and he shocked his old mentor by insisting that solidity was the thing to strive for, not "brush-work," however graphic, however dynamic. He no longer cared to see how a picture was painted, for he realized that most of the great masterpieces were really inscrutable, graphic as they might be.

John Sloan: *The White Way*. 1926





John Sloan: 3 A. M.



The Hudson from the Palisades, 1908

John Sloan was not the only painter who had grown away from Henri. Nor was he the only artist of the middle generation whose work was revolutionized by the Armory Show, although George Luks was indifferent to it or hostile to the futurists and cubists to whom he referred in words that curdled the blood. Or so James Huneker said in an article about him. Arthur B. Davies made desperate efforts to adjust himself to the new men, and, failing, lost confidence in himself and disappeared for a time, after which his fragile figures, which had lacked much of the sap of life, began to show a cubist influence. Boardman Robinson presently remodelled his whole career and began searching and experimenting, like Sloan himself. Giving up cartooning, becoming a painter, he studied composition and design and made analytical studies of the old masters in preparation for the later murals that Sloan was to admire so much as the best that had ever been done in the country. Sloan's only qualification was that they were not to be compared with the work of the great Mexican painters Rivera and Orozco. Paradoxically enough, the Armory Show, which had dethroned Henri, had for the first time brought Eakins to the front, for from that moment the old Philadelphia painter was accepted as one of the great figures of American art. Dying in 1916, "the Philadelphian whom Philadelphians never thought it worth while to honour,"—as a critic remarked the following year, at the time of the Eakins exhibition in New York,—triumphed at last with the disciples who had come in as the "Eight" and who had been largely responsible for the Armory Show. In this "grand provincial," as Walter Pach called him, many of the new painters saw a precursor.

For the organizers of the great exhibition of "Ellis Island art," that show of "asafoetida," as one critic called it, were a group of twenty-five, an extension of the "Eight," who had shown in 1910 the "Independent Artists." As an emblem of the Armory Show they had chosen the Pine Tree, connecting the American Revolution with this event in the world of art that was also a declaration of independence. The artists in question were aware that something was hap-

pening in European art of which they wanted first-hand knowledge, for in general Americans had been unaware of anything of the kind since 1885 when Durand Ruel brought over and showed the first Impressionists in New York. It was true that Alfred Stieglitz had been showing the new artists since 1908, but he reached a very small audience at "291," almost as small as John Quinn reached with his private collection of a handful of them before Quinn helped to finance the Armory Show. This exhibition was not only a revolt against decadent academic art but a revolt in favour of a native art also,—which led to the discovery of Eakins,—revealing in chronological sequence the starting-points and influences out of which the Post-Impressionists had grown. Beginning with Ingres and Delacroix, the classic and romantic antipodes, it traced an unbroken historical line through Courbet to the painters who embodied the complex feeling of the life of the day. Arthur B. Davies, whose work had been selling well, helped to back the show with his own money, and, going to Paris with Walt Kuhn, he had fallen in with Walter Pach, who had been living there virtually for the last ten years. Pach introduced the others to the painters and sculptors whose work they all presently chose for the Armory Show:

Years later John Sloan said that Walter Pach was really the man who had made the Armory Show memorable for its quality and richness, and he was indignant that Pach's enthusiasm and scholarship were ignored by those who had told the story of the exhibition. For Pach was the only one who had known the new French artists and was able to select their work and plan the show. Sloan himself, who was busy with the *Masses*, had helped to hang the pictures, while he found "something poetic" in the committee meetings, but he never wavered in his belief that Pach was the "real genius" behind it all whose judgment had given the show its great importance. Pach had known the new sculptors as well as the painters, and, as Maurice Prendergast was the first American to feel the quality of Cézanne, so Pach had been one of the first to write about him. He had written

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## There Is No "Modern Music" by Denis de Rougemont

When I am asked, "Do you like modern music?" it is because I am expected to say no. I answer yes to disturb, but I am embarrassed, because the thing I am being asked about does not exist.

For, indeed, "modern music" is hardly more than a manner of speaking. It is the invention of those people who have decided that after Wagner there has been nothing but a series of unpleasant noises. The expression designates no definable unity, unless it is that of a total refusal to listen to, and try to understand, everything that has been composed in our century. In short, "modern music" is the kind one does not like (because it does not resemble the kind one did like).

To speak of "modern" music in general, as people do, is to assume the existence of some sort of school, or common style, or unity of feeling, for which I see no conclusive evidence in the 20th century. There was the group of the Six, but they were linked only by friendship; a Honegger and a Poulenc have nothing else in common as far as I can see. There were the atonalists, but they are the ones who most obviously have nothing in common, and wish to retain nothing in common, with the other musicians of the epoch. The celebrated quarrel which once arrayed the followers of Piccinni against those of Gluck seems innocent and amicable enough after the categorical denunciations of all "reactionary" tonal composition pronounced by the disciples of Schoenberg. I can think of no two composers of the 17th and 18th centuries, or the Romantic era, whose works present differences of style as radical as those which separate our "moderns," Hindemith and Berg, for example, or Bartók and Britten, or the Stravinsky of *Oedipus Rex* and the Schoenberg of *Erwartung*. No epoch, perhaps, has known less unity than our own. In any case, none has shown so deliberate a desire to shun every appearance of unity, not only in style and technique, but even in its animating beliefs. And if some day, nevertheless, after all these negations and ruptures, all these refusals to continue anything else or resemble anything else, some profound relationship between the principal works of our century becomes apparent in spite of all the efforts of their authors, it is not our generation which will see it.

For the style of an epoch is very rarely discernible by the men who live in that epoch, and this for the same reasons that make a psychoanalyst incapable of analysing himself. Style springs from the unconscious. It depends upon what the conventions, rules and doctrines of the art have repressed into the unconscious. And it is in this way that the choice of rules determines the content of our dreams—and our style: i.e. negatively. That single unity which is conferred on the works of our contemporaries, by the rejection to which many people consign them all, can only proceed therefore from a failure to grasp these works. Because they differ from what has already been heard, because they do not recall known melodies, it is too lightly deduced that they resemble each other. But this is to judge a tapestry by the wrong side, a tapestry whose design—if it has one—remains unknown.

It is time to stop talking of "modern music." Let us speak only of contemporary works of music.

But the paradox must be pushed further. If the composers of today do, all the same, have something in common, it is precisely that they are less "modern," that they are less naïvely of their own time, than were a Rameau, a Haydn, or a Mozart. This is because they write music knowing the whole history of music—consciously afterward, and con-

sciously trying to do otherwise than was done in the past. They have lost the naïve good conscience of the artist who accepts the commonplaces of his time. That is why we see them seeking for naïveté as an artistic virtue.

How often have I heard a young painter or composer sigh, "After X or Y there is nothing left to do. We have come to an impasse . . ." This impasse is purely "historical," it is created by the historical spirit. If one has something to express, not knowing what is left to do comes to the same thing as not knowing how to say it *differently* from the last one to speak, and those who preceded him. But the great artists have always begun by speaking the language of their elders, even if they modified it little by little under the pressure of what they had to say, which was a little different. Today everyone wishes to begin at that stage of mastery of self and of personal means attained with difficulty by the great artists of the past—and immediately race beyond it, without having earned this freedom.

This is the reason, no doubt, for the tense, indeed angry, tone taken by many young theorists. One senses that they are a good deal more animated by the resistance they foresee than by joy in their discoveries. They make these discoveries *against* their opponents, whom they are quick to treat as imbeciles, or even suspect of bad faith. That is because they place and see themselves in History. Their principal concern seems to be to integrate themselves into a historical evolution which they declare to be "necessary" by no one knows what Hegelian logic. They talk a great deal about the "necessities of the age," borrowing from the vocabulary of economics and politics. But because one can prove that the can manufactured by a small factory is unsaleable for precise reasons of cost and price, and therefore no longer corresponds to the "necessities of the age" and of our great markets, one has hardly proved that the work of a non-atonal composer "is *useless* . . . and does not answer the necessities of his age." (One may be permitted even to observe that his work is a good deal more "saleable" on the concert market.) The "new necessities of music" invoked by a Pierre Boulez or a John Cage are necessities only to the ear and the intelligence of a very small group of men acquainted with the whole history of musical technique.

But there is more to the matter. Today's public, immensely enlarged by the radio, directed by the managers of concerts, formed by its record collection, has itself also ceased to be "modern," in order to get used to living in history. It must finally be admitted: all the other epochs have been modern, but not our own. Our great public nourishes itself on the music of bygone eras. When it does not content itself with Beethoven and Brahms, it discovers not the talents of today but Purcell or Monteverdi. In Haydn's time no one would have played the composers of the 17th century, or even the earlier works of Haydn; it was his latest production that was played. But nothing is played any longer at our great Sunday concerts but the moderns of other times. And so the music of our own day naturally seems strange. This is perhaps also why our composers, separated from a public which has become too vast, deprived of the stimulation of direct reactions, tend in general to put technique and theory before that vague but powerful thing which is the spontaneous accord between the innovator and the pleasure of his auditors—that

*continued on page 17*





Frans Hals: *The Jolly Toper*

## Pictures of Everyday Life by Gordon Bailey Washburn

We have defined *genre* as paintings of everyday life wherein human figures, being treated as types, are anonymously depicted. The French word *genre*, meaning kind, sort, or variety, simply refers us to a kind of subject-matter in art. In the eighteenth century and earlier, *genre* included not only scenes and figures of common occurrence but also landscape, still life, portraiture, and other subjects not regarded as acceptable on the highest level of art. Since the mid-sixteenth century, with the founding of the first formal art academies, critics and other leaders of culture had established the idea that "history painting" alone was of primary value. "Histories," as they were called, were pictures whose themes were taken from history, the Scriptures, or other great poetic works. Their subject-matter, being itself inspirational, was supposed to lift the observer, with the supplementary aid of a practiced art, to the most sublime reaches of moral truth and beauty. Yet the urge to realism or naturalism, as well as the independence of spirit of individual artists, ever and again defied the rule of the academies on this point.

Already, by the year 1500, the urge to realism had been of strong recurrence in the history of Western art. The Greeks of the Hellenistic period had painted *genre* pictures, and

medieval artists, in every medium, had incorporated scenes of everyday life into the fabric of a Christian iconography whose metaphysical thought denied, in essence, the reality of the mortal life. Yet when temporal themes and a worldly realism demanded utterance, they too found a place in religious expression, as in the Books of Hours, in church carvings, and in the great 15th century Gothic altarpieces of the Netherlands school by Robert Campin (*The Master of Flémalle*), the van Eycks, and Hugo van der Goes.

In Italy what we call "the Renaissance"—a reawakening of man's consciousness of his physical environment and his central role in the world—was naturally declared in realistic terms. Among the first of these are the frescoes that decorate the Arena Chapel in Padua, dating from the early 14th century. Instead of using the traditional gold background that had signified a mystical drama taking place in a nether world of the spirit, Giotto daringly offered the scene in a contemporary setting—a setting of actuality. *St. Anna* is here shown as a real, three-dimensional woman kneeling in her bedchamber, which is equipped with all its chests, curtains and other homely accessories. He painted the religious story, in other words, in an idiom that would later be spoken of as *genre*. Only the angel, as we here see it



isolated from its setting, tells us that this is not a scene from everyday life.

The exploration of the visible world of actuality—its perspectives, its light effects, its densities and weights—became as we know, a characteristic of Renaissance art, culminating in the early 16th century in the accomplished naturalism of Raphael and Leonardo. However, a sharp reaction took place about 1530 with a change in the social and political climate. Italian Mannerist painters rejected the images of actuality in favor of subjective ones, returning, though in different terms, to statements of a largely spiritual or visionary character. A torment of the spirit shook the world, denying its physical realities. This led, with the founding of art academies, to a critical and analytical search for the fundamental basis of artistic truth and beauty, and resulted in rules for their attainment which eventually hardened into esthetic dogmas.

But all parts of Europe were not equally affected by this spiritual crisis and its developments. In the State of Venice, for instance, which was isolated from Hapsburg and French imperialism in the 16th century, naturalism was not so easily discarded as in the South. Its people and her artists, living more securely than elsewhere, continued and developed the 15th century tradition which had seen the physical world of reality as an extension and expression of the world of the spirit. Thus painters like Giorgione extended and developed the imagery of the Bellinis, and the following generation of painters, including Titian, Veronese, and Tintoretto, as well as the da Pontes (the Bassano family of artists), united within their great canvases both the world of material appearances and the insubstantial visions of the soul. Some, such as Dosso Dossi, Jacopo di Barbari, and the Bassani, even painted worldly scenes containing no direct references to religious thought. They painted straight landscapes with figures; they made, in fact, the first work of *genre* since the Greeks.

But *genre* was first developed as a cultural product, that is to say, as the characteristic expression of a national school, by the Netherlands. Northern artists studied in Venice in the 16th century, catching the secular spirit of this art, and

acquiring, as best each might, the craftsmanship of the North Italian painters. Their own heritage had already been established as a naturalistic one in the 15th century, so that masters like Hieronymus Bosch and Pieter Bruegel were more attracted by their own native taste for the particular than by that of the Italians for the general or the ideal. Both artists stressed the contemporaneity and actuality of a religious theme when they painted it, and the great Pieter Bruegel, before he died, dropped religious or moralistic themes in favor of straight peasant subjects or pure *genre*.

In the next century the Hollanders, having achieved religious freedom, national unity, and commercial prosperity, developed an entire national school of *genre* painters; artists who, whether or not they used religious or historical themes, painted their pictures in terms of everyday people and happenings. Without the traditional patronage either of Church or state, they were free to paint whatever they could sell to the burghers and other citizens of the United Provinces. These ready clients favored small pictures of daily life in Holland and filled their houses with them, although they paid as little as they might, and were wholly unconcerned with the security of the artists. Only a few hundred miles south, in France, most artists were still under the protection of the Catholic Church and of King Louis XIV, who protected and employed the best of them on a far higher level of living. This patronage, needless to say, was enjoyed at the expense of the artists' individual freedom.

As in any movement, a great diversity of talents appeared within the Dutch school. Many painters were satisfied merely to describe scenes and incidents, much as a reporter gives us his story. But there were other artists, of superior outlook and vision, who attempted to recreate the visible world in the humanistic terms of art by subjecting the order of nature to the different order of human thought and feeling. These were the great "little masters" of Holland: Vermeer, Rembrandt, Hals, Brouwer, Steen, and a few others whose superiority, now fully revealed with the passage of time, shows us that *genre* painting, however much it may have been deprecated in official circles of art, was not always to be so despised.

Even in authoritarian France, where the State dictated its terms to the artist, a few dissident men of genius painted

Gabriel Jacques De Saint-Aubin: *L'Académie Particulière*





Adriaen Van Ostade: *Taste*

works of a genre character that we now recognize as among the greatest works of the 17th century. We think at once of the Brothers Le Nain—particularly the immortal Louis—and of that profoundly moving religious artist, Georges de La Tour, who, like Rembrandt, created his spiritual images from ordinary country models without idealizing them as official fashion would have decreed.

There is a deeper significance than we recognize to the long conflict between genre and history painting, which was fought out between state academies and individuals or national schools in the three and a half centuries between the mid-16th and the 20th. Nor does the word *genre* point clearly to a solution of it. It was never, as a matter of fact, a question of a choice of subject matter that ultimately determined whether a work of art was or was not a great one. Yet the painters of genre moved in the right direction since it was through their insistence on a wider range of picture-subjects that we have come to understand the essential insignificance of the subject itself as a basic index of values.

This does not mean that his choice of subject will not always be of importance to the artist; but rather that there are no preferable subjects and consequently no hierarchy of them that we must be expected to recognize. During this long period of time of which we speak, it was supposed that there was; it was believed that history painting alone was the suitable choice of a serious painter and that pictures of commonplace subjects must be recognized as having rank only on a much lower level. Yet what, it may fairly be asked, now brings us to this different conclusion? On what basis has opinion reversed on this fundamental question of art?

The answer is a simple one, yet one which has depended upon a passage of time during which various artists of the highest genius may be seen to have performed their poetic function within the widest conceivable range of subject choice. Even as late as Monet and the Impressionists, and as Van Gogh and the Post-Impressionists (not to mention Soutine in our own century), protest was often focussed on the artist's choice of subject. Yet now, looking back from our mid-20th century point of vantage, we realize that

enough evidence has finally been assembled to reach a clear conclusion.

In general terms, we see that the painters of genre include among their ranks many of the greatest artists of the last three and a half centuries, from Bruegel to Cézanne. We see that their subject-matter, ranging from peasants to prostitutes among ordinary people and from queens to merchants among the ruling classes, embraces mankind in all its variety. We see that aside from subjects of moral or religious import, every kind of landscape, seascape, still life, portrait, conversation piece, battle picture, sporting theme, and subject from the realm of fancy or everyday life has tempted the brush of genius—and been given that permanence that can be attained only through the highest order of creative vision. We see, at long last, that genius, although it has often proven itself capable of regimentation, is also capable of choosing its own paths, its own themes, wherein it can speak both nobly and eloquently to its fellowmen.

The great record of the 19th century, as well as such brilliant artists as Watteau and Chardin in the 18th, shows us more convincingly than any argument how the artist may find, as did Velazquez, Vermeer, Rembrandt, Rubens, or La Tour, his own themes and his individual mode of dealing with them. When asked if he were not troubled to find sufficient subjects for his brush, Cézanne is remembered to have replied that this was no problem at all since he needed only to turn his head a little to have another subject for a picture. Like most great artists, he had come to realize that in the world of everyday reality every life movement is as important as every other. A good picture, he knew, was not a record, a paraphrase of appearances, but rather an independent creation, a new thing, inspired by contact with nature but not dictated by her. It was a human product, as an apple is the product of a tree, to paraphrase Arp.

Today, it is true, the question of a painter's choice of subject is no longer a concern in the sense in which we have been considering it. Most of the livelier talents of our time have dropped the picture-subject as inconsequential or even impedimental to their esthetic aims. Now, life move-

*continued on page 16*

## Documents

The following talk was delivered by Dr. Potter, Director of Institute of Arts and Sciences, Columbia University, for the American Federation of Arts' 45th Anniversary Convention October 21, 1954, at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The subject of the talks was "The Whole Man."

### The Two Revolutions—and a Counter-Revolution

by Dr. Robert Russell Potter

It is trite to say that we are "living in an age of anxiety"—trite and the season's prize under-statement. It is also trite to point out that our time is one of international suspicion and distrust, one of internal fear and uncertainty. I prefer to think of our time as a time of *revolution and counter-revolution*, and to take my stand, not with the fear-full prophets of doom and disaster, but with those creative souls who believe that the spirit of man is more dynamic than the voice of Moscow, more permanent even than a Senate Permanent Committee, more basic than the dicta of the nuclear physicists.

We are living in a time of revolution and counter-revolution. Indeed, we have two revolutions on our hands—one economic and one cultural. Let us look briefly first at the economic revolution, called by many experts "the greatest economic revolution in history."

In 1939 only 2% of all U.S. families had an income of over \$5,000. In 1953—only 14 years later—26% of all U.S. families had an income over \$5,000, an astounding increase of 24%. Put these figures another way: in 1939 53% of the total number of families in the United States had an income of less than \$1000. In 1953—only 14 short years later—only 11% had an income of less than \$1000. That is an increase of 42%.

This means, the sceptical cynic will say, that more people had more money to buy TV sets, nylon shirts, cosmetics, automobiles, deep-freeze units—all the gadgets of a machine civilization. True. But it also means, during the same period, a cultural revolution. Let me spell this out—

It means that last summer 450,000 Americans had money for touring England and Europe. A lot of us didn't go to Europe, and so 80 million of us visited our state and national parks and our national shrines.

It means, according to "Billboard,"

that between 30 and 35 million of us went to symphony concerts last year—to concerts played by a total of 992 symphony orchestras. Think of that in terms of the cultural climate of this country: as of June 1, 1954, according to figures of the American Symphony Orchestra League, there are 992 symphony orchestras in this country. The League breaks down this amazing total as follows:

34 professional orchestras  
715 community orchestras  
243 college and university orchestras.

It means, too, that we have been able to afford a revolution in reading. Thanks to the ingenuity, the good sense and taste, and the skill of those engaged in the publication of "paper-back books," more people are reading more good books than ever before in our history—and this is a TV and Radio age! The "Iliad" and "The Odyssey," in new translations, have sold one million copies each. Ruth Benedict's "Patterns of Culture" has sold nearly a million copies. In one year 300,000 people bought Schweitzer's "Out of My Life and Thought," and the novels of Nobel-prize winner, William Faulkner, have reached the astounding total sale of five million copies.

In another category the figures are just as compelling, if less sensational. For example, Robert Frost's "Collected Poems" has sold nearly 300,000 in a Pocket Books edition. The late Irwin Edman's "Arts and Man," 130,000. "New World Writing," the brilliant semi-annual anthology published by the New American Library, has sold a total of 700,000 copies, and approximately 200 manuscripts pour into the New York editorial office every week.

In still another bailiwick, that of the visual arts, the figures are equally revealing. The Metropolitan Museum of Art has already distributed nearly 5 million sets of its albums of little color reproductions in this country and in Canada. And the "Pocket Book of Old Masters" has sold more than 500,000 copies.

But enough of statistics. I have cited these figures because I think they constitute a body of evidence for the point I want to make: our second current revolution is in the field of popular taste. Granted that Hollywood is not helping in this—nor is television (yet), nor the comic books, so-called, nor the juke boxes. But I do believe that we as a people are becoming more vividly aware of the meaning of art in all its varied forms—music, literature, painting—than we

have ever been in the past. There is building up in this country, I do believe, a great body of informed public opinion in the field of the arts which promises much for the future; promises much, I say, for I believe that all truly great art rests on a wide base. England did not produce a Shakespeare until there was an audience capable of responding to his golden poetry, his consummate stage-craft, his penetrating analyses of character and human motives.

But that promise will fail most ignobly if we fail as free men and women to meet the *counter-revolution* which has already been launched and which has already enlisted the support of many who do not know, and who cannot know, the meaning of *art*, who cannot comprehend the freedom of the human spirit which can express itself only in a climate of freedom. I refer of course to the current wave of hysterical fear and blinding terror which we call *maccarthysm*, though it is practised by others than the junior senator from Wisconsin. It is this spirit of craven re-action, this counter-revolution, which now threatens the very life of the art-spirit in our midst, because it is basically inimical to the whole creative process.

Shakespeare, who lived and worked in a time strangely like our own in many ways, knew this very well. In Sonnet 66 he is lamenting the deterioration of his time, when he sees honor dishonored, chastity seduced, public service debased, and "art made tongue-tied by authority."

I think that it is this truth which was at the back of Shakespeare's mind when he was writing his last play, "The Tempest." In that lovely piece I do not think there is a shred of autobiographical content. But I do believe that there is therein an allegorical meaning through which the great poet and philosopher speaks quietly to us across the centuries. In the play, you will recall, Prospero completely dominates his domain, the magic island, and all its inhabitants. After the shipwreck, which he causes by his magic, he dominates the other human beings, be they courtiers or drunken sailors. He is a despot, but a benevolent despot. He is Providence, a Providence so wise and just that he recognizes that the Imagination, the Creative Spirit, Ariel, cannot be forever subservient to his Will. Prospero delivers his final charge to Ariel, and says softly to him:

"... My Ariel chick

That is thy charge, then to the elements  
Be free, and fare thou well."



## Report from Rome *by Dore Ashton*



Mirko: *Chimera*. Galleria Delle Carrozze

Rome is a horizontal, cadenced city, a powerful city. Framed by cypress-crowned hills, it is one of the most architecturally dignified cities in the world. Perhaps because of the physical largesse here, because of the ever-present weight of the past, certain aspects of contemporary Rome are the more disappointing.

The artists' quarter, for example, is a petit bourgeois version of Greenwich Village. On the famous via Margutta, where the old studio buildings house some of Rome's best and worst artists, the coffee shops are chromium and pastel, catering to a fashionable pseudo-bohemian set. One block over, on the via Babuino, is the art bazaar; sleek commercial art galleries, extravagantly modernized gift shops, and little antiquity shops where dubious bits and pieces of Etruscan art are marketed. The commercial onslaught of this arty quarter is terrific.

On the other hand, when something is elegant in Rome, it is *elegantissimo*, it is properly elegant, it is elegant like Renaissance Rome. And this goes for the arts too. Things go very much to extremes. A fact which is more than remotely connected with the social structure. Italy today is still top-heavy with impoverished nobility and a commercial aristocracy which doggedly conserves the tastes of the 19th century. Here, the middle class is not the decisive arbiter in cultural matters. It is worse than that: canons of taste seem to be dominated by the habitual reactionary attitudes of officialdom (and like in old Russia, Italy is overridden with officials). The intelligentsia and modern minded young people have to shout loud and long to achieve and believe in their contemporaneity.

For artists, this necessity of shouting is wearying. It saps their creative energy and many of Rome's artists have abandoned the fight. They work for recognition outside of their city. Most of Rome's better artists have told me they scarcely, if ever, sell a painting here. And, symptomatically, there are less than a half-dozen legitimate galleries here, and those are relatively new.

To explain this *détente*, one has to bear in mind the fact that during the 19th century, when the rest of Europe was revolutionizing art, Italy was too busy unifying to produce or consume visual art. And during the 20th century, except for the few hectic years of the Futurists and the Metaphysical painters, creative Italy was underground. Its artists were isolated. Until after the recent war, Italy scarcely knew of Picasso, let alone more recent artist-revolutionaries. The modern tradition just doesn't exist here. Only in the late 1940's were younger artists beginning to catch up.

In 1922, D. H. Lawrence observed that "the Italians give one the impression that they are always borrowing somebody else's eyes to see with, and then letting loose a lot of emotion into the borrowed vision." It wouldn't be fair to clot all Italian art into the terms of Lawrence's pronouncement, but of necessity, it is partly true. When finally the young generation was permitted to absorb the history of 20th century painting, it had to borrow several visions in order to find a personal focus. As for the emotions let loose, they were explosive, of course, after 20 years of repression, and went in every direction. In the brief period of eight years, just about every contemporary idiom has found an exponent here.



At present the situation is still ambiguous, and fraught with excited partisanship. The quarrels in print among the realists, the non-objectivists and the semi-abstractionists recently became so vitriolic that it was necessary for Lionello Venturi, in a lead editorial for "Comentari", to admonish his confrères to hold on to their dignity.

One senses the enormous impatience of the various factions, and their desire to clarify, intellectually, what can only be clarified on their canvases. Still biting back at the past, the artists feel impelled to proclaim their purity, though it is less urgent than it was two or three years ago. On the one hand, there are the practising purists, the neo-plasticists and constructivists. They feel they are dealing with a "new plastic language, the only authentic language for the 20th century." They have, I think, borrowed a good deal from way back: Maholy-Nagy. Opposed to them are the abstractionists, whom Venturi calls "abstract concrete" because they retain associative symbols of images in their work. (Afro, Copora, Birolli, etc.) The purists accuse this group of sham modernism and say their esthetic is based on timorous compromise. A third powerful faction here are the social realists, with political backing. Finally, there are the "spatial" painters, a group which is more or less international, reflecting both American and French influence.

As a measure of the climate, one can take the recent exhibition by the Art Club, a loosely organized group led by veteran Enrico Prampolini. In his catalogue introduction, Prampolini called for a re-examination of "plastic values." He says artists must avoid a compromise with either pictorialism or technique, and affirm the existence of "absolute plastic values." Here, as everywhere, artists at the moment are beginning to think in terms of synthesis.

Although the feverish attempt to catch up fostered many splinter philosophies, they are becoming less vociferous. As Piero Dorazio has pointed out, they are no longer necessary, a part of the battle has been already won. Besides, by this time, out of the welter of movements and counter-movements here, a few major individual talents have emerged, which is, after all, more important than all the rest. This was remarked by Luigi Moretti, an avant-guard architect and editor of "Spazio", when he said of the 1952 Biennale: "Once again it is made clear that in painting, as in all arts, the valid language is always a single fact. No one class or abstract category of language is more right than another."

The poverty of the recent past in Italy is reflected in its Museum of Modern Art, a pompous, draughty building of 1911 filled with an unnerving agglomeration of particularly awful 19th century local art. With this inheritance, the museum's young director Palma Bucarelli has had an awkward time, but some four years ago she began to augment the collection with international contemporary art. Working with meager funds, and unable to solicit gifts (in Italy, she explained, people keep their treasures in the family) Signora Bucarelli has never succeeded in acquiring a single French impressionist work or a Picasso or a Braque. But she has managed to keep the collection relatively a la mode with recent accessions of works by Arp, Klee, Moore, Lardera, Tamayo, Armitage and Richier, as well as a considerable number of Italian contemporary works. Yet, an

anachronistic air pervades the museum.

Galleries in Rome fall into two classes: the bazaar-type, with doors always open and something to fit every taste no matter how debased, and the more serious gallery, designed to please more advanced American tastes. There is no mistaking the fact that America is an almost exclusive market for modern Italian art.

One of the most effective galleries here, the Obelisco has an odd combination of merchandise, and has an undeniably potent role in "putting over" the younger Italian painters. Obelisco's director, Signor Del Corso has a vivid interest in America and organized the exhibition of Italian contemporary art currently being shown at the Cincinnati Museum.

The character of the Schneider Gallery is somewhat different. Run by an American professor of romance languages, the gallery seems more actively concerned with lesser-known painters. Schneider has shown several young Americans working in Rome, among the sculptors Dmitri Hadzi and Brandon Kearl.

A new gallery opened a few weeks ago, Galleria delle Carozze, equipped with a scarlet wall and elegant appointments. The opening exhibition presented Corrado Cagli's blurry oils, mostly heads floating in masses of coral-like weeds, thoroughly drenched with romanticism; and the most recent tin and bronze sculpture of the versatile artist Mirko. The tin pieces are really bas relief, undulating on the walls, and are cut out in an almost figurative, and highly decorative pattern. On the other hand, there are few small, closely articulated figures enveloping themselves with the attenuated grace of Tanagra figurines. These archaistic pieces are more substantial.

At the moment, other galleries are not offering anything of more than pedestrian quality. The season is relatively slow. In fact, broadly speaking, Rome is a provincial place, scarcely an art center. It is more like an obligatory station, a magnet which draws personalities from all over the world. Matta has spent considerable time here, for example (and has had his influence); Francis Bacon just arrived with 20 blank canvases; Madame Picabia is here on a lecture visit, and anytime now Jean Cocteau will be here on the occasion of his first exhibition anywhere of his paintings. And so on. It is a winsome city, past and present.

Antonio Corpora: *La esca grossa*. Museum of Modern Art, Rome.



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## Everyday Life continued from page 12

ments are isolated and generalized, being projected, as it were, without their references. The artists, departing from the realization that any picture-subject might be turned into good account by the imagination of a creative artist, have taken a further step. They wish to concern themselves only with the purer essences of visual communication, and to strain out the dross of all given forms. In lieu of a Vermeer we have a Mondrian; of a La Tour, we have a Léger. What is most curious, is the effect which our own experience with the moderns has had upon our view of the ancients. Looking, for instance, at the Adriaen van Ostade, we are first conscious of its formal organization, its marvelous spaces, and architectonic solids, and only secondarily aware of its picture-subject, its theme.

We see these old masters through renovated eyes, missing perhaps something of the sentimental appreciation of the picture-lover who was their contemporary, yet newly aware of their formal values through the severity of our own ascetic disciplines and experiments. Perhaps this is one of the reasons that Vermeer is more greatly revered in the 20th century than he was in the 17th. Moreover, if we have permitted ourselves to remain sufficiently flexible for it, we may also enjoy a double pleasure in the triumph of those great artists who not only have presented a world of visible actuality but have also transformed it by pictorial artifice into independent works of art.

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## Worldwide Notes



Piero della Francesca: Details of mural at Arezzo, Italy



### Piero Discovery

A fresco of the head of a prophet believed to have been painted by Piero della Francesca (1416-1492) has been discovered in the ancient church of St. Chiara, at Sansepolcro near Arezzo, Italy. Several of Piero's works have been found previously in the same church.

### Cumming Goes Abroad

George Burton Cumming, director of the American Federation of Arts since 1951, has been granted a leave of absence to serve as executive director of La Napoule Art Foundation—Henry Clewes Memorial; he will plan a program of activities to be held in the chateau near Cannes, a National Monument of France. Thomas M. Messer, director of exhibitions at AFA, has been designated to supervise all activities of the national art organization.

### Cartoons and Comics

An exhibition of cartoons and comics, including work by Milton Caniff, Steve Canyon, Walt Kelly, Chic Young, Rube Goldberg, and 21 others, was recently on view at the Benjamin West Society, Swarthmore College, Pennsylvania. The selection includes various aspects of caricature, cartoons and comical draftsmanship as it is practiced today by some of the leading artists in the field.

### Gallery 21

On February 3, the John Myers Gallery, located at 32 West 58th Street, will open larger quarters at 21 East 63 Street. The new gallery will be known as Gallery 21. In addition to exhibitions, the gallery will also hold forums and lectures and show films on art.

### "40 Masterpieces" at Minneapolis

Celebrating its 40th year as a public art museum serving Minneapolis, St. Paul and the Upper Midwest, the Minneapolis Institute of Arts is currently showing an exhibition called "Forty Masterpieces."

through February 27. The exhibition presents major works of art in the Institute's collection which have been acquired by gift or through purchase from funds given by Minneapolis citizens from the turn of the century to the present.

The present range of the collection covers approximately five millennia of the history of art from the pre-dynastic period of ancient Egypt to works by American artists in 1954. From this assembly the staff has selected 40 works which it has felt represent distinguished artistic achievement. The selected group includes paintings of the early Italian Renaissance; the Italian pre-baroque period of the mid-sixteenth century; Flemish paintings from the late Gothic era; Spanish works by El Greco and Goya; Dutch paintings by three of its chief seventeenth-century masters, Rembrandt, Hobbema and Ruysdael; French art beginning with early seventeenth-century tapestry continuing through the Age of Enlightenment in the work of Chardin to the nineteenth and twentieth-century artists, Corot, Degas, Renoir, Cézanne, Gauguin, Matisse, La Fresnaye and Maillol. Works from non-Western traditions represented in the collection include an Egyptian false door stela, a Sixth Dynasty architectural sculpture; a carved stone yoke from the Mexican Totonac culture of the 11th to 12th century, A.D.; and a series of works in sculpture, pottery, bronze, gold and precious stone carving from four of the greatest epochs of Chinese culture from 1766 B.C. to 1795 A.D.

The exhibition is completed by several of the finest extant examples of American and English silver; American and English furniture; prints by a 14th-century Italian master and by Rembrandt; and an illuminated manuscript from Persia of the 14th century.

### Pennsylvania Education Conference

The second annual conference of the Pennsylvania Art Education Association will take place on April 29-30 at the Theodore Roosevelt Junior High School, 2800 West 4th Street (Route 220), Williamsport, Pennsylvania.

## Obituary

The surrealist painter Yves Tanguy died in Waterbury, Conn., on January 15. He was 55 years old.

Born in Paris, Tanguy was a member of the original surrealist group during its most fruitful period between the wars. In 1939 he came to the United States and became an American citizen. He is survived by his widow, the American painter Kay Sage.

## No "Modern Music"

*continued from page 9*

How can we remedy this situation, which is the situation of poetry and painting in the 20th century too? It seems to me that it is not so much the composers who hold the key to this vital cultural problem as the men who choose the programmes of concerts and decide what shall be recorded. The more new music is played, the more the public will become contemporary, and the closer its composers will be brought to the better-educated sensibility of a growing élite. When art and the public create each other the result is an "epoch." I do not know if we are living one—but perhaps we are on its threshold.

In May 1952, at the festival held in Paris under the title, "Masterpieces of the Twentieth Century," more than a hundred symphonies, concertos, operas, and ballets were performed, over a period of thirty days. Not a measure of music composed before the year 1900 was heard—and every night the auditoriums were full. What could be more encouraging for the organisers of the European Festivals which seek to offer the "new"—that is to say, to rejoin their century? But it is not strange that to live in one's time has become, in our days, a notable exception, an adventure, and a financial risk?

15th-century Flemish tapestry: *The Feast of Easter*. At Minneapolis.





## Books

### The Moderns

"MASTERS OF MODERN ART," edited by Alfred H. Barr, Jr. The Museum of Modern Art. \$15.00.

by James Mellow

There isn't much in the development of the arts during the past 70 years that this handsome and liberally illustrated 25th anniversary book of the Museum of Modern Art doesn't present for the purchaser. It is, as one has come to expect from the museum's productions, tastefully presented, full of pleasant and often lively talk, and extended, so that everybody can get into the act, to include sections on photography, the motion picture, architecture and design. Reading, however, after each of the many masters something similar to—"The Museum owns 2 oils by Kokoschka, 1 watercolor, 1 drawing and 60 prints, among them 37 in 5 books or portfolios," one is reminded of a classic remark Mae West once made. Pressed in the arms of a suitor who insisted on praising her ruby lips, her glowing cheeks, etc., she rumbled, "Are ya makin' love or takin' inventory?"

Mr. Barr's book is up to a little of both, in a well-mannered way. In its guided tour of the museum's collections, it conducts itself, as one would expect of a person with a position to maintain, with the politeness to be found now only at weddings, wakes, testimonials, and private showings. It steps on no toes and has a good word for everyone. It does, in all honesty, serve the purpose Mr. Whitney's introduction hopes for, conveying "an idea of the variety, excellence of achievement, and vigor of modern art." And it is full of talk "you just can't hardly get any more," like Rousseau's wonderful confidence to Picasso, "We are the two greatest painters of our epoch, you in the Egyptian style, I in the modern

style . . ." and Klee's, "Art plays an unwitting game with ultimate things, yet achieves them nevertheless. . . ."

The reproductions are, of course, the essential things in the book, a great many of them in color, and each one led up to by a short prose walk. Viewing the entire collection, one isn't disposed to carp at the museum's pride. To have acquired four important Picassos (*Les Femmes d'Alger*, *Three Musicians*, *Girl Before the Mirror*, *Night Fishing at Antibes*) is not a small achievement in itself, to say nothing of the Roussaus, Cézannes, or Matisses it has to its credit. And if there were no other reason, I think I would feel personally indebted to the museum for having rescued so many of the old films. It is comforting to know that sometime, when the circumstances are right, I will finally be able to see Theda Bara in "A Fool There Was."

But if you are inclined to be suspicious where the passage of time is involved, you might, perhaps, wonder how many of the works accused here of permanence will find their way into the anniversary book the museum will publish 25 years from now. The text by Mr. Barr and Mr. Lieberman, however, will give you no indication. In fact, it acquits itself with a diplomacy equal to that of Gertrude Stein when she gave a dinner party for painters of her acquaintance, once, and seated each of them opposite his own painting. That event was so successful they had to send out for more bread.

### Art of Africa

"AFRIKANISCHE PLASTIK," by Eckert von Sydow. Text in German. Wittenborn, Inc. \$10.00.

by Ulrich Weisstein

A companion-piece to the late author's authoritative study of the art of Western Africa, the "Handbuch der Afrikanischen Plastik," this volume deals with the art of

the Sudan, of Northern Congo and of East and South Central Africa. Eckert von Sydow, from whose notes the work has been compiled, was not only a student of primitive art—he is the author of the corresponding volumes in the Propyläen series—but in his studies combined the esthetic with the ethnological and psycho-analytical approaches. Beyond this, he was an early advocate and tireless spokesman of the closely related expressionist movement.

In the general introduction to his text, von Sydow distinguishes between three species of African Negro art, the abstract, the naturalistic and the fantastic. The first he correlates to Kant's category of the sublime (*das Erhabene*), the second to that of beauty, and the third to that of the grotesque. The latter, being represented mainly by masks and mask-costumes of a sort, is a type of artistic expression in which the numinous is often combined with the ridiculous. As to the psychological basis and teleological meaning of primitive art, the German scholar groups it under the three headings of profane, religious and magical sculpture. Among the profane works he counts historical representations (or monuments), portrait figures with erotic overtones, and what for lack of a better term we call pure art. Religious sculpture is distinguished from the secular in that it evokes the image of ancestors, gods or—in the magical sphere—the demons. Religious ceremony and magical practice being only several aspects of an identical phenomenon, the fetish can be considered a subspecies of religious sculpture.

The illustrations accompanying the text—and which cover the whole range of African sculpture—call to mind how much the art of such tribes as the Benin in Southern Nigeria and the Haba in the western part of the Sudan has in common with that of von Sydow's countryman, Ernst Barlach, the only expressionist sculptor to work in the medium of wood.

Modigliani: *Head*. Museum of Modern Art.



Maurice Prendergast: *Acadia*, 1917. Museum of Modern Art.





## Informal View

"ASPECTS OF CHINESE PAINTING," by Alan Priest. MacMillan, \$7.50.

by Judith Kaye Reed

This is an unusual and delightful book on Chinese art. With such vast periods, amount of time, space and differing philosophical concepts separating Western and Chinese art, studies accessible to the non-specialist, traveling without much scholarly baggage, have been hard to find. Alan Priest, a well-known scholar who has been curator of the Metropolitan Museum of Art's Far Eastern department for the past 27 years, provides just such a work in this collection of 15 essays.

Many of the chapters first appeared, some in different form, in the museum's *Bulletin*, on the occasion of important new acquisitions. And it is probably just because the book was written, not as a formal text but piece by piece during particular moments of enthusiasm, that it is so successful. Here, in the disarming guise of informal essays is an introduction to Chinese art history that urges the reader first to enjoy the paintings and then provides (from a wealth of study) selected information on technique and historical development.

The West, Mr. Priest observes, attempts to dominate nature, and the Western sensibility is inclined always to see itself as either conqueror or victim of the natural world. The Chinese, he points out, accept nature as they find it, without anxiety, and this tranquil acceptance of the human, animal and vegetable worlds as complementary parts of a whole accounts for the unique way in which natural motifs enter their esthetic conceptions.

Although the problems of scholarship are many, Mr. Priest suggests that nothing more than this basic understanding of philosophical attitudes is necessary for the enjoyment of Chinese art. In the course of these lucid essays, his own discussion of many diverse works from all the great epochs of art in China leaves one convinced that this may be true.

## African Art in South America

"BUSH NEGRO ART, AN AFRICAN ART IN THE AMERICAS" by Philip J. C. Dark. Alec Tiranti, Ltd.—Transatlantic Arts. \$2.00.

by Allyn Wood

This compact little book—slightly more than pocket size—beats a long-sounding drum for its specialized subject. It should interest people who never have wondered, even, about native art, because the presentation of factual information is so organized as to imbue the reader with a growing dramatic suspense, as questions are raised and answered. Finally, the plates, with their excellent clear figuration of the anticipated designs, complete a volume that is both modest and thorough.

This book should be of equal interest to the artist, the art-reader, the anthropologist, and the eclectic subway traveler. The Bush Negroes, brought to Surinam on the

coast of South America, as a slave race 300 years ago, brought with them their traditional African designs, and added others, such as that of the chain. Escaping into the forests, they set up communities. It is no longer a matter of surprise that in such communities, artistic creation of a highly sophisticated quality was a commonly shared gift. Husbands carved kitchen gadgets which, in Western culture, would be sent to exhibitions starting with cocktails. The *objets d'art* considered here include combs, food paddles, clothes beaters, stools, trays, drums, fans, peanut pounding boards, and finally, religious images. Of all these, the religious images are the most utilitarian in concept, due to the Bush Negro's belief that they are the actual habitation of a guardian spirit. However, there is some confusion, since it is also asserted that the Bush Negro's religion is animistic, and all objects are the repository of spirits.

"Bush Negro Arts" is the 25th in a series of monographs put out by Tiranti in England and distributed in this country by Transatlantic Arts, including works on "Early Christian Ivories," "Masks of West Africa" and "Early Venetian Painters"—designed, like the concave lens, to give an intense, miniature picture of their subjects.

## Book Notes

"TUDOR ARTISTS" by Erna Auerbach. John de Graff, Inc. \$12.50.

This is the first detailed and well-documented study of the development of miniature painting in Tudor England, as reflected in the illuminated initials of the Plea Rolls of King's Bench as well as those of contemporary charters and letters. New light is thrown on the medievalist and eclectic character of English Renaissance art. In a country in which even Holbein was employed in designing heraldic emblems and utensils for the Royal household, the artist was esteemed little higher than the craftsman. The foreign influence on the English art of that period is further documented by the abundance of Italian, Flemish, French and German names in the appended biographical notes on painters active under Henry VIII and Elizabeth I.

"ARTES DE MEXICO" Numbers 3 & 4. Frente Nacional de Artes Plasticas. Each issue, \$2.00.

These government-sponsored publications from Mexico, handsomely produced and authoritatively documented, address themselves to several aspects of the arts in Mexico and elsewhere. Number 3 includes an impressive section on Guillermo Arriaga's ballet, "Zapata", with photographs by Nacho Lopez and a poem by Alfredo Cardona Pena. The main section of this issue is devoted to two features on Mexican mural art: "La Pintura Rupestre" and "Los Murales Prehispanicos." Number 4 continues the series with features on "La Pintura Mural en Nueva Espana" and "Los Muralistas del Siglo XIX," bringing the subject to the eve of the 20th century Mexican achievements. This number also includes a brilliantly illustrated essay by Miguel Covarrubias on the primitive art of the South Seas.

"ARENSBERG COLLECTION": Vol. I., 20th Century Section, Foreword by Fiske Kimball, Introduction by Henry Clifford. Vol. II., Pre-Columbian Sculpture, classified and annotated by George Kubler. Philadelphia Museum of Art. \$10.00.

The truly radical and advanced taste of the Arensbergs, exercised on both the genuine expressions of our century and those "primitive" masterpieces of the Pre-Columbian Americas which have taken on the status of modern masterworks, is one of the fabulous myths of 20th century art, and it receives a handsome tribute in these two beautiful volumes. In them the great collection now housed in Philadelphia is fully documented, and the result is a valuable photographic anthology.

"THE WANING OF THE MIDDLE AGES," by J. Huizinga. Anchor Books, 95¢.

Here is a reprint of Huizinga's brilliant and entertaining account of a hitherto neglected period of cultural transition. First published in 1924, this study of Burgundian life in the late Middle Ages illustrates the author's thesis that the brothers van Eyck and their contemporaries must be considered heirs to a waning tradition rather than shapers of a new cultural pattern. Accordingly, the Flemish primitives are described as sophisticates and their pathetic naturalism is condemned as an expression of over-refinement—and hence decadence—rather than crude creativity.

Huizinga makes it clear that the age which produced the Ghent altarpiece was also fond of living images and pseudo-classical pageants. Indeed, it is related to the Baroque rather than to the humanistic Renaissance succeeding it. In the writings of late medieval chroniclers and the sermons of Abraham o Santa Clara we encounter a similar profanation of the Sacred coupled with naive sanctification of the profane.

Medieval idealism (philosophical realism) being seldom guided by central ideas such as proportional beauty or unified perspective, macroscopic and microscopic images appear side by side in the works of Bosch and Memlinc. Medieval thought tends to embody itself in images, while medieval art transforms the image of man into transcendent allegories.

Only with the work of Jacopo de Barbari's disciples Mabuse and Dürer do we enter into the age of a Northern Renaissance. In their art, the image begins to appear as a thing with definite, material and formal properties. As humanism supplants idealism, mythology replaces allegorical symbolism. Michelangelo was the first to criticize this lack of selectivity in the art of his Dutch predecessors. He recognized "that their art aimed at achieving several things at the same time, of which a single one would be important enough to demand the devotion of all its powers." It is only since the Renaissance that man has reconciled, in his appreciation of art, boundless admiration with unbridled awe. The preceding age knew no esthetic principles and, hence, had no "taste."—U.W.

## Book Department at Jensen's

A new department of selected books and magazines on art, architecture, crafts and design has been opened at Georg Jensen Inc., 667 Fifth Ave., New York City.

# Fortnight in Review

## Whitney Annual

The scope of this year's Whitney Annual has undergone some quantitative changes without any basic alteration of its aims. Painting, sculpture, watercolor and drawing have been combined this year, yet the exhibition has been deprived of any comprehensiveness because of the omission of 35 prominent painters and sculptors who will make up the museum's spring show of "The New Decade". What results is an exhibition which looks dislocated both in its reportorial function and in the sheer quality of its taste.

To be sure, there are exhibits which assert their vigor even in a context which strains to neutralize them with works of inferior quality. Among them is John Hultberg's *Night Still Life*, a fine painting in washes in which forms conceived as light penetrate an abstract gloom; Knox Martin's expressionistic *Nude Figure* (a particularly happy choice among this artist's recent works); Reuben Tam's characteristic *Rain from the Sea*; Robert D'Arista's *The Block*; and, among the sculptures, Blanche Dombek's *Portrait of Joseph LaCasse*, Leo Steppat's *Tyl Ulenspiegel* and Tino Nivola's plaster relief, *Dens*. A delicate drawing by Edward Corbett, called *Taos*, 1954, though practically lost in a badly lighted doorway, is outstanding in that section of the show.

Members of the older generation are represented by work which, in isolation here, somehow fails to allow them their full focus. Burchfield, Feininger, Hopper and Sheeler look confined in these circumstances, fixed in surroundings which are uncongenial to their careers. And certain younger artists, like Altoon and Okada, suffer an analogous fate: their efforts seem to lose their power outside the context of their own related works.

It is difficult to escape the impression that works are mercilessly pitted against each other in this exhibition, and the installation (as well as the exhibits) contribute to that effect. Perhaps the most glaring

instance is that room on the third floor in which a large slovenly nude by Larry Rivers is made to dominate a wall which also contains Tam's handsome seascape and James Penney's *Surf*.

In general, the problem of the Whitney Annual, notably the effort to be comprehensive and democratic without sacrificing qualitative excellence, is left unresolved in this year's event. And one feels with certainty that it fails to represent the present state of American art at anything like its actual interest. (Whitney, to Feb. 20.)—H.K.

## 19th Century Masters

It is a peculiarly intimate glimpse of this period that you gain from the group of drawings, watercolors and prints on view. There are no major works but a number of rare pieces and in even the slightest of Toulouse Lautrec's pencil sketches there is the feeling that it has just been taken from his notebook. There is a letter from Renoir with a charming drawing in the margin as well as an early drawing by Van Gogh belonging to the period of painful struggle in Belgium. In it one can already see the dogged insistence on perfection which resulted in the sure command of his line evident in the lithograph of Dr. Gauchet.

While drawings always offer a candid view of the artist's responses, there is some of that feeling in Gauguin's hand-colored lithograph; the carvings scratched on his bamboo brush holder. The most remarkable piece in the show, however, is Gauguin's wood carving, *Bibi*, whose tense stance and deeply ridged planes are not too far removed from Picasso.

Among the graphic works there are such rare items as a complete set of a dozen Renoir lithographs and four powerful Manet illustrations for Poe's "Raven", one bearing a dedication to Swinburne from Mallarmé and signed by Manet. (Galerie St. Etienne, to Feb. 12.)—L.G.

## Delius Group

Still-life paintings ranging from Breughel to Braque appears a large order, yet it has been admirably carried out at the Delius Gallery. The 17th-century "Velvet" Breughel heads the list with a large canvas of fruit and flowers executed with the impeccable brushwork and meticulous fidelity to subject matter characteristic of early Netherland painters. Such still-lives seem to echo the delight of a people freed at last from the oppressive Spanish rule. They manifest this delight by expressing their untrammelled devotion to the pleasures of life, avoiding the religious themes of Spain. These tables spread with a lavish display of fruits, gay flowers, gleaming glasses tinged with wine, reflect their spirit of joyous liberation from a long durance.

Many of these decorative pieces are carried out on a black background, which enhances the exquisite coloration of the flow-

Blanche Dombek: *Portrait of Joseph LaCasse*. At the Whitney



Reuben Tam: *Rain from the Sea*. At the Whitney



ers, the rotundity and luscious substance of fruits. A different note is struck in a canvas, by the Spanish Cotan, which for all its richness of detail possesses an austerity of simplified design. There is also a marked reticence in the French Linard's arrangement of delectable fruits. Later still-life paintings include watercolors by Cézanne, Severini, Dufy, and canvases by Renoir, Derain, Walt Kuhn, Pascin and Morandi. (Delius, to Feb. 12.)—M.B.

## Biolli

In the last two Biennales the work of Renato Biolli has been singled out of the Italian pavillion as evidence of the continued fruition of the Braque-inspired tradition in Italian painting. Most other Italian exponents of the cubism of the 20s have continued re-working the familiar bottles, bowls and table tops into meaningless and often muddy complexities.

In Biolli's current show one sees a kind of development which in some ways goes beyond Braque in the use of color as well as objects treated as a play of curvilinear forms and intersecting planes, though the forms now are more pastoral and the range of his visual response covers a broader area.

In *Adriatic Space*, as well as *Section of the Sea* the treatment of rich blues, greens and yellows, the counterpoint of solidly built up areas versus free and floating space, is a far more Mediterranean response than anything evoked by a beach in Normandie.

It is Biolli's treatment of the vineyards and patterned fields of Italy, the cartwheels that rotate in his compositions and sudden bursts of color which carry the mark of his warmth and vitality. *Black River*, a truly major work, is a gathering of all the forces and symbols which he has used in the past into a complex and so beautifully modulated painting that there is no question as to the maturity and vitality of his talent. (Viviano, to Feb. 26.)—L.G.

## Theodor Werner

A 68-year-old German artist of considerable European reputation, Werner is being exhibited in New York for the first time. His style may be roughly bracketed with that of Hans Hartung and Fritz Winter, for he shares their at times curious combination of a basically expressionist viewpoint with an extreme precision and finality of execution. His canvases become the fields for abstract dramas of spatial conflict between broad, flat color patches and firm, incisive lines. Yet if there are implications of passion and spontaneity in the irregularity and sweep of these colliding and overlapping forms, they are strongly countered by the almost cold and rigid discipline with which they are delineated and fixed upon the canvas. The ultimate impression, in fact, is of a powerful impulse which has been so purified by the intellect that all the primary heat is lost. Occasionally, however, as in *Tracers*, with its primary colors, or *No. 48*, with its restriction to black yellow, and violet, Werner simplifies his vocabulary to a minimum of colors and shapes, with the happy result that some of the original impact which lies behind these vigorous oppositions of line, plane, and color is still preserved. (Borgenicht, to Feb. 12.)—R.R.

## Rehn Group

A recent exhibition of this gallery's regulars, with themes and interpretations varying widely, including current works by George Picken, Sidney Gross, Morris Shulman, Vincent Campanella and Yeffe Kimball, as well as earlier paintings by Franklin Watkins and Edward Hopper.

Perhaps the outstanding canvas in the show was Elizabeth Sparhawk-Jones' small *Nudes in Landscape*, layered with the nuanced substance of paint and implicit with a romantic imagery which relates to the visions of Albert Ryder. (Rehn.)—S.F.

## Print Annual

The 19th annual exhibition of the Society of Graphic Artists registers a wide variety of techniques in the 219 items on display. In addition to etchings drypoints, lithographs, engravings on wood and copper, there are intaglio, planographic, relief prints and monotypes. The number of color prints in different mediums makes an impression, relieving the usual monotony of blacks and whites, however admirable in themselves. The increase in intaglio prints many in color, is a feature that suggests a greater facility in their technical development. They, certainly, obtain richness of substance and a sense of depth, unusual for graphic work. Aside from the prize awards, which appear excellently chosen, there are a large number of items that deserve mention. Some of these outstanding prints are by Fiske Boyd, Barnard B. Smith, Otis Philbrick, Wendell Black, R. R. Tacke, Minna Citron, Gail Kernan, Joe Funk, Antonio Frasconi, B. Neustadt, John Baldwin, Hope Barrett, Robert Nisbet, Beatrice Harper Banning, and Janet Turney. This listing does not cover all the commendable papers, but indicates in different mediums, and often in mixed mediums, whether in color or black and white, the technical proficiency and individual imaginative conception that mark the greater part of this large showing. (Kennedy, Feb. 4-26.)—M.B.

## Ajmal Husain

A painter from Pakistan gives views of his land and of his countrymen in felicitous colors. He handles both oils and watercolors with an air of discovery and spontaneity and an ease that is sometimes brilliant. He combines stylized figures with a pointillistic color atmosphere (*Woman With Pitcher*) or, using the palette knife and flattened color areas, juxtaposes architectural shapes and shadows to create a mood of mild serenity (*The White Mosque: Moonlit Steps*). He finds patterns of movement, almost a dance in the look of young girls, in the fall of their costumes (*Rhythm*); he catches *The Crows* off-guard, the correct black sinister quality of the birds—one, about to peck at a yellow dish, the other, approaching it. Husain has a knack too for characterizing in a quick watercolor sketch from life the attitude of a *Country Musician*.

In Karachi Mr. Husain was a cartoonist for a leading newspaper, *Dawn*, and is now the editor of a picture magazine. He studied art for a year in the U. S. His is one of the freshest talents to have come from a Moslem country intending to search the means of Western art for a greater freedom of expression. (Middle East House, to Feb. 4.)—S.B.



Ajmal Husain: *Veiled Group*.



Rousseau: *Horrors of War*. At St. Etienne



Sanchez Cotan: *Still-life*. At Delius



Renato Biolli: *The Setting Moon*



## Ben Shahn

The 25 years of Shahn's work assembled on the anniversary of his association with the Downtown Gallery cannot help but chart not so much the growth of the artist, but the changing world which has been his subject. From the beginning, his line and sense of color was apparent (though appealingly unvarnished in the famous Sacco-Vanzetti series) as was his concern with comment on the world around him. In several, such as *Allegory* from 1948, the demonic red lion straddling a tiny cluster of helpless humans, the symbolism is an extension of a highly subjective experience. Whereas in the more recent *Allegory* of man prone beneath the swirling menacing thrust of energy-bearing white lines, he is personalizing the more universal fear of atomic destruction. In each of these, Shahn's concern is a man's relation to the world of this moment and though he has been charged with painting headlines, there is obviously a much deeper search here.

In his more recent work, such as the masterly *Maimonedes* and *Credo* there seems to be more belief than protest, a far stronger "yes" to basic philosophical teachings than the "no" in even his most powerful political protests.

Also, the latter paintings show the increasing pleasure he takes in pure paint. *Beatitudes*, from three years ago has a beautifully modulated sky of yellows, reds and blues, echoed in triangles formed by the line-stalks of wheat. There are elements of beauty in almost all the recent works which—within his frame of a clearly stated comment—add much to purely visual attraction of the work. Also, there is a certain loss of "self" in these later things; the hint of an identification with something larger than man in the artist's own image; perhaps man as a durable and an enduring image. (Downtown, to Feb. 12.)

—L. G.

## Herbert Ferber

In the two years since his last show, Ferber has expanded and clarified the space-defining role of his forms till now, in *Green Sculpture With a Roof* he has captured as well as pierced the space. Through the use of parallel rectangle-slabs as base and "roof" he has solved the often unsatisfying infinity that results from horizontal or unswept motion alone. He has achieved a three-dimensional area as completely as in the encircling shell of the two *Spheroids*.

All the large pieces in the show, especially *Sculpture With Wire*, reveal a sure handling of the problems posed by "centripetal construction" but either through caging space or of a silhouette against a real or imaginary plane. Now, by establishing a base and a roof in the fashion of the *Green Sculpture* he draws you into the form without trapping you there and it represents in this reviewer's opinion a real advance in welded sculpture.

On this, as well as most of the "outdoor" sculpture in the show, the weather has been allowed to add a patina of color to the curling, piercing blades of copper which seems far more rewarding than the overly textured surface used on most metal sculpture today. (Kootz, to Feb. 15.)

L.G.

## Dwight Ripley

In an exhibition, entitled *The Bomb*, one expects to find catastrophic horrors—they are plentifully revealed in this showing, which includes not alone the total destruction of cities, but also the annihilation of the world itself in cosmic explosions. Yet this awesome turbulence is relieved by charming designs and amusing underlinings, small unexpected realistic detail introduced into an all-over abstraction, as in the convulsion wrecking the city of Pisa. Here in the cataclysm of colorful fragments, appears the famous leaning tower, quite erect, but by its side the shattered form of the cathedral. Among the many complete bouleversements of Manhattan is the destruction of Central Park, its disintegrating ruins encircling a placid lake with leisurely swans gliding over it.

The artist works with colored pencils producing areas of glowing light and intricate networks of colored ribbons (one can imagine with what prolonged rubbings and scrubbing). At times he uses inks. On one paper he has hurled a pot of green ink and to this amorphous shape added a gleaming core and waving filaments. On another yellow ink is hurled on black paper, resulting in an horrendous anomaly of engulfing devastation. If one looks closely enough a witty parody of a well known painting, by an artist of prodigious reputation, may be described. (Tibor De Nagy.)—M.B.

## John Ferren

Following up his show of watercolors and oils of last year, Ferren has produced a series of Rubens-size canvases, some of which like *Yellow and Violet* are massive color constructions dealing with problems of tension and release inherent in squares and circles of pure brilliant color. *Summer's Night* has a textured rectangle of reds supporting two upright slabs of color, each containing a circular nucleus suspended in its field. *Sierra* and *Summer's Night* belong to this group of color-dramas, as do two tasteful, untitled works.

These stand out as serene statements in contrast to the group titled *Summit, Conquest of Mexico* and *Season's Figuration* in which he uses clusters of violent pigment exploding from the tube to point up their character. When Ferren feels compelled to add surface excitement or curving whips of paint to heighten or underline the tensions his taste sometimes deserts him, but on the whole these are richer works than most. (Stable, to Feb. 19.)—L.G.

## Print Show

Engravings from the collection of the Dukes d'Arenburg form an imposing exhibition, at the Jacques Seligmann Gallery, containing no less than 55 by Dürer. The Master E. S. might be considered the founder of the German school of engraving, for while retaining some influences of goldsmith training, he determined the direction which later artists were to take. Unfortunately, some of his important prints, shown here, are mounted on vellum and painted to resemble miniatures. Dürer's engravings include some of his most famous plates, the work of his maturity: *Melancholia*; *Knight Death and the Devil*; *St. Jerome in His Cell* and the *Small Passion*. His *Adam and Eve* reveals

the effect of his Venetian sojourn in the softening of Gothic harshness to a new grace and fluency.

"The Little Masters," so called because of the size of their plates, followed the example of Dürer in portraying Gospel subjects, but they also broadened their scope to include classical, historical and everyday themes. George Penz, the most widely represented of this group, interprets Biblical stories with elaboration of genre detail and endows the figures of antiquity with contemporary costume and setting. In all these early prints the reflection of enviroing life imparts much interest, particularly in the work of van Meckenham and Lucas van Leyden. The gradual percolation of humanist influences of the Renaissance is realized on the new perception of the importance of the individual, removing the artist from his early anonymity and leading him to a definite signature. While it is impossible to detail the variety of this rich collection, one name must not be omitted, that of the Italian Mantegna, one of the first of the Renaissance printmakers, here represented by one of his majestic plates. (Seligmann, to Feb. 5.)—M.B.

## Sacha Kolin

This artist leads a rather schizophrenic artistic existence. On the one hand she paints inventive, decorative abstractions, while on the other her sculpture is the least imaginative representational form. It is by no means the direction that makes one style better than the other, but the artist's development of a formal language and depth of expression in the paintings which is totally lacking in her sculpture. Rich color harmonies pervade her paintings, especially in *Love Affair* and *Ghost Story*. Despite their geometrical means two paintings are imbued with an intriguing subjective expression, both witty and individual. (Coeval, to Feb. 12.)—A.N.

Ben Shahn: *Maimonedes*



## Philip Pearlstein

A member of last year's "Emerging Talent," Pearlstein demonstrates in his first one-man show that he has "emerged." His vocabulary is abstract expressionist, but his viewpoint is unique to the genre. His vision is rooted in a profound and intimate experience of nature, recalling the lonely, powerful flavor of Homer or Hartley. Furthermore, he introduces new possibilities to the avant-garde idiom. In *Crest of the Mountain*, a vigorous, twisting mass of rising stone is transformed into a tormented surface of thickly interwoven brushstrokes and delicately nuanced colors. Yet amazingly, for all this brilliant agitation, both the original contact with nature and the underlying solidity of the forms are preserved. This merging together of emotion before nature, a dense and stable structure, and a maximum of coloristic and textural excitement is a considerable achievement, whose keen discipline is momentarily concealed by Pearlstein's only superficial resemblance to the passionate fury of a Soutine. At times, as in *Misty Hill* or the watercolors, he dissolves those massive forms which support his impasto into a gentler, more fluid and airy play of colors; but here, as elsewhere, the high quality of his pictorial intelligence and sensuous response to paint are richly evident. (Tanager, to Feb. 10.)—R.R.

## Andrews, Squier, King

Three sculptors, all under 30, offer three distinctive and attractive viewpoints. The extremely gifted Oliver Andrews, for one, excites the eye and the imagination with his fragile and haunting steel constructions. In *Keeper of the Night*, as in all his works, one can relish both the magical flavor of the image and the formal inventiveness which tempers these fascinating and hieratic shapes with unusually subtle deviations from strict symmetry. Jack Squier's bronzes also have a mysterious, totemic quality, but their fantasy derives from natural forms. Such is the case in *Strange Child*, with its disquieting anatomical dislocations, or in *Insect*, a lethal creature with spiralling eyes and tusk-like antennae whose profile and frontal views are wittily complementary. More familiar is William King's wooden household, which again demonstrates his piquant and clever reinterpretation of American folk-sculpture. His materials are as unconventional as his genre themes. *Emma* has a pine head and sheet-metal hair, and there is a gentleman in Bermuda shorts whose sunburn must be about as bright as the burnish on his whittled form. (Alan, to Feb. 12.)—R.R.

## Doris Rosenthal

For 20 years Doris Rosenthal has made repeated trips to Mexico, interpreting its subject matter with a sympathy which is unsentimental yet somehow works its way to the surface of the dark-skinned figures she depicts, so that they emerge warm-blooded and vital, alert even in repose.

The current exhibition of her oils—the first in almost a decade—reveals again her dispassionate rapport with the human aspects of her themes, but adds a more immediately seen decorative character (the

vivid red and green diamond shapes in *Papaya*, for example) which lends impact to her work pictorially. Perspectives are suggested, but flattened inventively at critical areas in the paintings, so as to hold the canvas' two-dimensionality without losing depth, or (as in *Night Train*) sleeping figures are sprawled upwards on the surface to create an arabesque relating them in pictorial space as well as in an apparently naturalistic distance. (Midtown, to Feb. 19.)—S.F.

## Five Years of Segy

An exhibition of sample carvings from some 25 tribes is a fitting celebration for this gallery that is so rich in its resources of African art. Out of his enthusiasm and his familiarity with this material, Ladislav Segy has selected pieces to show the high achievements of these anonymous artists and grouped them in an order that enlightens us aliens too on their common denominators of form, regional variations and purposes.

Particularly impressive are the Bakuba cups whose ritualistic role is still a mystery. Their artists employed an extraordinarily varied vocabulary in constructing a drinking vessel out of parts of the human body. There are some made out of the whole figure, crouching, and others of a head and neck, a head and foot (with handles carefully carved to re-echo the main form or perhaps to bring in significant masks). A most striking balance occurs in twin heads on a plain base with identical patterns of the hairline and the scarifications to decorate the skin. The Bakubas climax the show with their demonstration of how the Africans could combine the dual demands of form and function—expressing in their own way a geometric and representational harmony as expertly as the Greeks did in their way. (Segy, to Feb. 28.)—S.B.

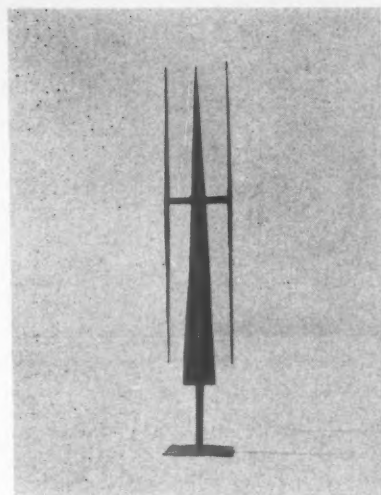
## "Art of Today" Group

Inner visions are prevalent in this show, their mood usually romantic, their color relatively somber. Sam Spanier's richly toned pigment is seemingly churned into a warmed-earth imagery; Reva's *Potato Plant*, in aged green, could be a dried, moss-matted water creature as well; Dale Joe's landscape theme mounts its pale color planes into narrow vertical placements, weaving lacy undulations of thin black, through the flat areas as a lyrical counterpoint.

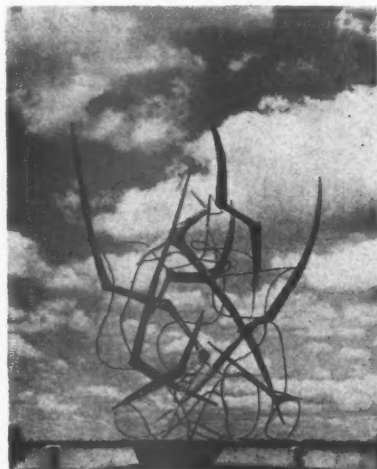
Albert Urban's *The Park* and *The Gallery Director* attain the vibrance of layered color, glowing as if illumined from a source within. More directly stated is Felix Pasilis' still life, vigorously brushed into simple patterns of ochers and blue. Other points of interest here are canvases by Vincent Malta, Howard Daum, Robert Mallary, Ronnie Solbert and Allan Kaprow. (Urban, through Feb.)—S.F.

## Harlan Jackson

The symbols of these 16 oils have an authentic look. Harlan studied in Haiti on a fellowship and *Ritual*, in an angular, fractionated style, not only conveys the masks and the movements of the figures but also incorporates the magic symbols written on the earth during the ceremony.



Oliver Andrews: *The Keeper of the Night*. At Alan



Herbert Ferber: *Lead and Copper* Sculpture

Philip Pearlstein: *Crest of the Mountain*



Symbolism becomes a specific emotional vehicle in *Lament*. The strong, flat outline of a mask cuts through a field of green and blue-green with the impact of a tear shape enhanced by accents of red, yellow, brown and black. A boldness of design and the effective and varied use of primary colors wax experimentally in other canvases: in the breaking and combining of forms (not always totemistic, see *Piscatorial*); in technique (more diffuse application, more subtle textures). *Ceremonial*, *Growth*, *Fantasy* are other pictures conveying the strength and scope of this first one-man show. (Panoras, to Feb. 26.)—S.B.

### Wolf Kahn

What used to be called subject-matter is poised here, with the palette knife at its throat, facing that abyss where the subject of every painting is "painting" itself. Kahn adheres to traditional motifs—interiors, portraits, landscapes, etc.—and seems to conceive them in an essentially fauvist way. His pigment is most often hot and thick; and the images, frequently worked out from sketches, are admitted freely and without subterfuge in the early stages of painting. But in process the palette knife enters, and the expressionist slash begins to blot out the fauvesque brush stroke until the long arm of Hofmann's atelier makes itself emphatically visible all over the canvas. The results are works in which more paint is plastered to the surface than there are formal ideas to accommodate it.

Yet there are certain felicities of painting here, notwithstanding this impasse: in *Down to the Sea*, the juxtaposition of the calmly painted door and the frenzied pathway, a dialectic of textures which recurs throughout the composition; in *In the Cabin*, the absorption of hot color into the earth-colored light of this summer interior; and the small oil, almost a sketch, called *South Ozone Park*, a beautiful work untortured by the palette knife. One is inclined to feel that the artist himself is waiting for something to emerge here, for some portent of the future, and is determined to meet that contingency with all the materials at his disposal. The exhibition also includes a selection of pastels and drawings. (Hansa, Feb. 7-27, open Sunday afternoons)—H. K.

### Korman Group

Fourteen artists are represented by an oil each, except for a watercolor by Thomas George. This, *The Echo*, is an apparition in black and gray, a staring abstract done in expert washes, deriving its power from a strong central axis and a balance of rectangles. Giuseppe Napoli makes an impression with his still-life subjects done on old boards. Though slightly uneven in his drawing he has made a good choice of backgrounds, especially the fine weathered piece of pale green housepaint; this gives some atmosphere to his outlines of bottles, pitchers, etc. There is a carefully devised oil by John Sennhauser, a distribution of blocks, rather like a crossword puzzle in seven colors; the flat colors and the pattern create a tension that cannot be overlooked. Edmond Casarella's abstract in casein asserts the force of its hues, red, yellow, black, in a rhythm of oval forms. (Korman, to Feb. 12.)—S.B.

### IGAS

Maintaining their high standards, new prints available to members of the International Graphic Arts Society number about eight and add some interesting new personalities and further countries. To start with the more familiar, from the Smith College faculty comes a gentle color woodcut by Mervin Jules and, by Leonard Baskin, the engraving, *Frightened Boy and His Dog*, tense with terror, are black, a hawk-like bird descending, in red; three separate identities delineated in Baskin's X-ray draftsmanship achieve something more than a brilliant pattern of subcutaneous nerve reactions. Ben Shahn calls it an "anatomy of pity."

There is a quality indigenously classical in the delicate drawing of Mladen Sribnovic, a Macedonian artist who has outlined pagan figures piping against a black background, a distinctive *Shepherd's Song*. The most complex piece of printing is by Jean Lurçat, *Elemental Drama*, a lithograph. Sea creatures in yellow and red against the vast space of a deserted beach in Capri are as vivid as a nightmare. The "find" of this series is by a 23-year old artist, a pupil of Misch Kohn. Michael Field's untitled black and white woodcut is a remarkable etching. With the imagination of a young Ensor he has seized the nakedness of the medium and raised it to its highest power. (IGAS, to Mar. 15.)—S.B.

### Eliot O'Hara

With a simple and direct approach, O'Hara handles his watercolors enormously well. He capitalizes on the qualities of freedom, spontaneity and freshness in his medium. Always visually esthetic, his good coloring and design vary as much as do his subject selections. Equally pleasing, the delicate portrait of the *Innkeeper's Daughter* is a direct contrast to *The Kutb Minar*, a semi-abstract of light and dark planes. With design playing a still greater role, an exceptionally strong statement for this artist (remaining cool and impersonal, he does not tend toward the powerful) is made in *Looking Through and Up*. (Grand Central, to Feb. 19.)—C.L.F.

### Glen Krause

Two main directions predominate in the watercolor exhibition of this acute and fluent painter, one a semi-abstract approach welding his bird-forms into strongly organized color planes, and the other, a calligraphic rendering of field and marsh grasses. The former, despite their beguiling simplicity are evocative and poetic depictions of the lonely gull. Almost mystical overtones pervade the superb *Birds on Stone*, and its tenuous, darting line defining bird-shapes strangely captures the quality of nervous bird-wait. The marsh landscapes, more literal in their translation of subject matter, effect a kind of Western Orientalism compounded with much grace and refinement. (AAA, Feb. 7 to 26.)—A.N.

### Village Center

In the new quarters, an enormous basement, the Village Art Center is having an exhibition of 128 oils in a non-juried show. The prize committee favored a crumbly-textured light color abstract, *Le Coq Blanc* by Morris Gluckman. A composition as intriguing as three mirrors, of owls and a



Wolf Kahn: *In the Cabin*

yellow moon, *Harvest Moon Birds* by Vern H. Smith, received honorable mention.

Out of such a vast number and variety (hung two deep and close together) there are paintings to appeal to a corresponding range in taste. Though many of the pictures have a labored or an untutored look, there are occasions when a certain charm and sincerity compensates for technical naivetés: E. E. Plumb's *Central Park*; Tillie Landy's *Dedication of a Torab*; the meticulous touches in Victor Martinek's *My Shack in the Woods*, and others. (Village Art Center.)—S.B.

### Daumier

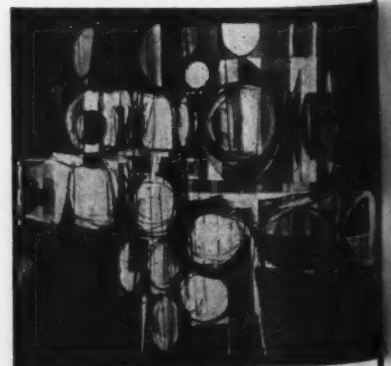
The highpoint of this fine collection of prints is the series called *Les Gens de Justice*, for in these the merciless caricature and moral indignation of Daumier found full play. Although these prints are vivid social documents, their beautiful draftsmanship and incredible economy of means allow us to view them as works of art whose literary content is subordinate to esthetic meaning. Line, no mere descriptive element, pulsates in space, creating a life of form eloquent in its own right. Added drama is achieved through Daumier's massings of darks and lights revealing a wealth of structural and emotional tensions extending far beyond common story-telling.

Other prints on the revolution, politics and various social situations (many from the renowned Cognac collection) display the same penetrating insights, and at times exhibit Daumier in a light and mocking vein; a few of the prints may be too illustrative but their beauty is still apparent. (AAA, to Feb. 5.)—A.N.

### Nyle Pharr

A Louisiana-born painter, Pharr favors a multitude of strong, hot, southern colors and uses them in a manner as declarative as newspaper headlines. This is a highly

Edmond Casarella: *Chain*. At Korman.





cultivated form of journalism, however. Both the background and the objects in the pictures are treated as a blend of regulated color patches (these determined as a design and this, by the artist's own esthetic preferences rather than by nature), with an outline, usually black, defining the subject—whether a head, a still-life, the wall of a French house, or a large, female figure and some features.

For an entire exhibition of oils, this reviewer found it an oppressive formula. Instead of liberating the imagination the effect is stifling when you see everything, from the human figure to a flower pot, forced into the same glossy and arbitrary pattern. Not that Pharr is unskilled in his manipulation of paint; but rather, his formal devices are on the whole hard and obvious and tend to throw up a screen rather than to create a vision. By exception there are some competent passages; when spatial interest is employed to some purpose (*Louisiana Oak*); when a keyhole is cut through the screen to reveal the archway of a bridge (*Boats on the Seine*).

*Watermelon Still Life*, with its dazzling resonances of color (the orange to blue relations and the black silhouettes of the bottles), achieves a genuine fusion of ends and means and is a striking canvas. *The Chair*, too, stands out as a witty antique form. (New Gallery, to Feb. 19.)—S.B.

#### Ruth Jacobi

In searching for new expansive forms of expression in painting, Ruth Jacobi creates what she terms dynastats. Relating to sculpture, her free-shaped unframed canvases involve the surrounding space. In #5 and #9 she utilizes real space bounded by a thin framework which is an integral part of her compositions. Forming a right angle with the wall, #9 is more effective than #5, in which the wall color and texture become vital factors. Her color and applied design on the majority of these canvases are unfortunately weak in comparison with the otherwise exciting new form of art. A corner composition, #8 has three-dimensions created by three planes on different levels with rope sinuously winding on their surfaces. Concentrating on everchanging relationships, some of her dynastats show interplay between the static and dynamic. In #2 verticals and horizontals are painted over dynamic diagonals. A most successful and comprehensive study, however, is the highly expressive *Crucifixion*, in which the color is unusually rich and the determining composition well-integrated with its multi-edged canvas. (Jacobi, to Feb. 12.)—C.L.F.

#### Simpson-Middleman

These oils look kaleidoscopic with their bits of flat color that vary in saturation as though sharply graphed by pieces of broken mirrors. Collaborating from sketches to the finished canvas, Roslynn Middleman and Marshall Simpson have such a systematized approach that neither individual hand is apparent, either in the sketches or the end product.

They do not claim that their *Window* or *Eclipse* have been abstracted from nature or that their chief aim is to experiment with formal arrangements. These schemes have been "invented to give form to some-

thing we have come on in our world that has excited us." "Their world" suggests the laws of optics and the equations of theoretical physics; *Outer Stars*, *Eclipse* draw from astronomical ideas. Since the standard of craftsmanship is high, the sensibility to balance, harmony acute, *Beam of Light* has the purity of an exercise in logic. The total effect, however, in drawing so heavily upon optical illusions and geometry, partakes more of remoteness than excitement. (Heller, to Feb. 19.)—S.B.

#### Boris Margo

Through experimentation for its own sake rarely results in creative riches, there is no denying its value in the hands of a sincere man. Margo's latest exploration of bas-relief which consists of paint on soft aluminum sheets which have been laid over a surface previously textured with thick plastic lines could perhaps be dismissed as another example of American absorption with externals. In this case, however, you sense that the artist has found in metal the light transmission he has been seeking in oils.

However it is only in *No. 1* (titled Sept. 15, 1954) that he has completely realized the fusion of forms and surface. The result is quite handsome. Sepia tones shadow an inward rush of gridiron lines which create the kind of excitement felt in bridge cables, while a single polished area captures and holds the light in a silver burst. *No. 5*, which is an attempt to achieve the metallic effect with paint only, is flat in comparison with its neighboring canvases and by the same token, the metal alone (except for the copper-plated *No. 6*) fails to take on the life and luminosity of the paint-embellished surface.

Of the sculpture shown, *Silence* bears a distinct relationship with the paintings, while *Dance* and *Upward* reveal the artist's awareness of the space-shaping demands on sculpture today. (Betty Parsons.)—L.G.

#### Tom Hannan

Though they appear spontaneously handled, the abstract oils of this artist display a disciplining intellectual reflectiveness, intent upon subtle spatial relationships. Seeking both depth-penetration and imagery through color, Hannan has set a large task for himself. The complexity of this problem may partially account for his predilection for broadly brushed shapings of but four or five major colors. Certainly some of the canvases are happy realizations of his intent for they are handsome and gratifying plastic statements. This is especially true of the well-sustained *No. 4* where Hannan has kept the picture-plane by sensitive manipulation of neutral and brilliant color passages creating an organically connected image-and-space. Several of the pictures find degrees of solution, but in others space gives way to atmosphere and form gives way to decoration. Hannan is a painter of integrity and his show augurs well for the future. (James, to Feb. 12.)—A.N.

#### Iskantor

Almost monochromatic in their initial impact this artist's oils reveal their color

slowly; skins of earth tones, brown-greens and grayed ochres which cover their faces with a gentle melancholy.

His subjects are a quietly personal experience for him. A chunk of meat just out of the butcher's wrapping, flowers which almost cover his own face with their thick eye-like blossoms, the yellow head of a *Bowery Poet*, are all seen in naturalistic terms, but escape a literal rendering through the artist's sympathetic selectivity of their expressive elements. (Wellons, to Feb. 12.)—S.F.

#### National Arts Club Annual

Oils and sculpture submitted by members for the 57th annual—107 items—follow traditional modes in landscape, portraits and still-life genres. There was one abstract oil, *The Elements* by Lamarr Dodd.

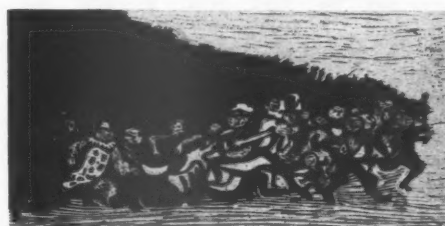
A notable portrait was *The Man from Lamborene*, a romantic interpretation of Albert Schweitzer at the keyboard of an organ by Everett Taymond Kinstler. Frank Mason's *Notre Dame*, a landscape, won an honorable mention.

In the Blakelock tradition of black silhouettes against sunset light was *Trees and Their Brook* an appealing view by Ruth Rolston-Stevenson.

Malvina Hoffman's head of *Henry Monfried* was awarded the bronze medal. Molly Guion's *Scots Guads Piper* was the first prize winner. (National Arts Club.)—S.B.

#### Ben Johnson

Here is a man who can draw the female figure but, to judge from ten of these 12 oils, when it comes to coloring it, anything can happen. One voluptuous body is three shades of green and also yellow against a



Michael Train: *Untitled*. At IGAS

red-orange background. There is no apparent motive for the "shocking" color changes, for the sudden purple patches on a half-yellow body with a chalk-white face. Expressionistic or decorative, one is not sure which, but one can hardly ignore a nude (*no. 5*) with one breast orange the other pink and red toenails who reclines against an even redder background relieved only by a large white moon.

Curious annihilations of the figure occur in these enormous canvases at the same time as lyrical passages which are just as effective (the profile and upper torso of *Nude 9*, for instance). Influences of Matisse and Lautrec crop up. The bravura is not only excessive but weakened by a want of consistency. (Advanced Gallery, to Feb. 7.)—S.B.

#### 13th Audubon Annual

This cross-section type of show appears vast and, at times, ill-sorted with its 412 pieces in all media. Members' work was not juried and there were 35 awards.



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The smallest section, prints, with 44 examples, turns out to be the most consistent quality. An intaglio by Michael Ponce de Leon, *The Contemporaries*, is particularly powerful. Woodcuts too stood out: Frascioni's *Lettuce Workers* (one rejoices to see such subtle coloration and pattern); Leona Pierce's *Yellow Kite* is as scary as Hallowe'en and Irving Amen's *Piazza San Marco* is a wonderful design. An elegant piece of printing and drawing in black lithography, *Gloucester House* by Stow Wengenroth, received a prize for that medium.

An award-winning oil is Martin Freidman's frieze-like *Dress Rehearsal*. Leo Quanchi's green *Amphibian Journey* is most entertaining, while Shirley B. Mills' *The Quarry* achieved distinction with the clarity of its conception in contrast to the general tendency to overdo color and neglect the focus of design. Portraits in oils; pastels; casein (in this medium Hilton Leech's beach scene was deservedly honored) and sculpture compose the rest of the exhibition. (National Academy, to Feb. 6.)—S.B.

#### Tatsuhiko Haime

East and West appear to meet amicably in his paintings. The oriental influence is felt in the frequent interpolations of broad linear patterns, suggesting chirography, in the elimination of perspective and the substituting of flowing movements upward on the canvas for the build-up designs of the West. The breadth and boldness of the compositions reflect Occidental influences, while there are some canvases, such as *Two Forms* in which shapes of cubistic solidity play against each other in an angular equilibrium.

The canvases give the impression that the artist has worked from inside outward, that is, that he has formed a mental concept and then sought visual details to interpret it. The color patterns are varied, sometimes in almost clashing brilliance, as in *Standing Forms*, or effected by striking out an all-over pallor with sharp notes of deep blue. *Mood* is an outstanding canvas, its free-flowing design of intricately-related, amorphous forms in nebulous substance animated by touches of rich colors that appear to emphasize its impression of movement. (Peridot, to Feb. 12.)—M.B.

#### German Painting Today

A selection from six of the leading German artists, the group includes several "veterans" from the days of Germany's most vital modern periods, while others are comparatively new.

Among the older group, the small oils by Willi Baumeister are playful arrangements of the amoeba-starfish-circle-etc. forms and an obligatory sand-roughened surface here and there, whereas the small Hans Uhlmann welded sculptures are said to be the two remaining pieces he had left after a very successful European show.

Of the younger painters, Fritz Winter's work is already well known in this country and it is possible that Rolf Cavael may have been exposed to the same influences. In any case, there is no strong personal stamp on Cavael's forms.



Tatsuhiko Heima: *Surrounding*

As for the oils of Heinz Trökes, they are certainly the least "finished" in the sense of a tasteful reduction to essentials and show a bolder sense of color than the rest but no satisfying resolution of the relation between the active and passive areas of his canvas. In this particular sense, Hans Jaenisch has made great strides forward in his *Green Landscape* and *Gray Landscape*. He has eliminated that clustering of human figures which formerly marked his work and softened his palette to serene and sometimes luminous tones of gray and gray-pink, relying on occasional crack-like lines to shape the large masses. The two pieces of his metal sculpture included in the show have the same attenuated grace. (Martha Jackson, through Feb. 26.)—L. G.

#### Martha Visser't Hooft

A preoccupation with "fragments, rocks, symbols" dominates the vivid canvases which make up Mrs. Visser't Hooft's recent work. She no longer deals with the fortune teller's trappings as in *The Medium's Table* of 1952 but has let her eye lead her imagination into a sometimes playful, always tasteful arrangement of forms within large masses of brilliant color.

*Dynasty* and *Blue Excavation* are the two most important canvases on view and each, in its own way, is a highly successful treatment of a visual as well as a metaphysical idea. Of the smaller canvases, *Love Letter*, though almost too Klee-like in its freely floating forms, is still a personal and charming piece of work, and *The Charm* is a solution of her larger ideas on a small scale which has a richness and texture not always maintained in the more grandiose forms.

The gouaches, like the oils, reveal the skill of an experienced technician, but they sometimes lack the extra drive one hopes for in an artist of such apparent taste and perception. (Contemporary Arts, thru Feb. 18.)—L. G.

#### Discoveries

Doris Meltzer is presenting a group of paintings, sculpture and drawings by a

number of European and American artists who will be given shows in the coming months. Two-thirds of the work is by Europeans, many of whom are now working in Paris. Certainly one of the most important of the painters is the Englishman, Alva, who is represented by three meticulous abstractions from a series entitled *Les Fleur du Mal*. His work, plus the watercolors of the early Polish modern, Jacob Adler, and the sketches by Topolski (including a fanciful portrait of former President Truman which makes him as florid as the cliché of the traveling Texan) are, along with the drawings of Michel Seuphor and the relief-prints of Nesch, the mature voices represented.

Those who should be considered in terms of promise are Schaar, Doucet and Raza among the Europeans; Fontaine and Litinsky from the Americans. The sculpture of Harold B. Cousins is solid and substantial work as is the oil of Dorr Bothwell's. Robert Kiley's bold and powerful canvases stand out in this group. (Serigraph, through Mar. 7.)—L.G.

#### Georges Dayez

The career of Dayez covers such a span of years and his work has been seen in so many countries that it is surprising to find that this is his first one man exhibition in America. The 18 canvases on view, however, are mainly from the last three years and reveal him as a sensitive, restrained, and thoughtful technician whose treatment of space and form is bounded by the standards of linear cubism. His *Nature Mortes* are dominated by flat tones of greens, grays and blues with occasional warm triangles of color reflected in the facets of a bottle's surface or a plate of oyster shells.

It is in the studies of boats and seaports that Dayez' gray tones and sharp planed forms seem most in harmony with their subject, especially in *Falaises a Varangeville* and *Cbantier Naval, Chioggia*. (Galerie Moderne, from Feb. 11 to March 2.)—L. G.

#### Erwin Wending

While this artist evidences extreme concern with structure, these semi-abstract paintings lack the formal coherence to gratify his artistic need. Striving for a certain monumentality in his Mexican scenes, Wending senses the structure but weakens both the means and the expression of his work by depending too much on black line for relating his color forms. Their power is constricted while their monumentality is only a matter of scale. Pictorially unified and more sensitive in line *Faithful Guitar* is the freest and most moving canvas of the group. Its color mood, somber and mysterious unveils the romantic expressionism lying latent in so many of the other works. (Brownstone, Feb. 4 to 30.)—A.N.

Hans Jaenisch: *Arena*. At Martha Jackson



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### City Center Group

In a show as broad in range as the differing premises of its jurors—Coleen Browning, Herbert Katzman and Franz Kline—most of the canvases reflect current points of view with sensitivity and competence. Among the more interesting examples here are Edmund Niemann's *City in the Rain*, its overlapping patch-patterns contrasting with Robert Anderson's amorously spotted *A City's Jewels*, Lawrence Campbell's *The Model*, an interior related through flat areas of handsome color, Albinas Elskus' non-figurative *Gold and Ashes*, Don Fink's green, Klee-like *The Space Between Religion and Science*, and work by Lloyd Blanks, Thelma Addison, Nancy Craig, Jules Olitzky, Harriette Trifon and Jonnie Green. (City Center, to Feb. 26.)—S.F.

### Conroy, Foster, Kalison

The delicate balance between the impetus of a visual idea and control of the medium strike very different levels in this three-man show.

John Conroy's see-saw is erratic and unsure. A dramatic conception such as *Electrocuted Woman*, though powerfully blocked out on the canvas, collapses in a rhetoric of black, green and vermilion. *Hudson Street Crucible*, a view of trucks and warehouses in small scale, accented by red lightning strokes seems to be better observed than the rest of his canvases.

Robert S. Kalison's nautical subjects are rigidly controlled designs, flatly painted. *Five Ways of Day* is a rhythmical picture, composed of five repetitive glimpses of a boat, the colors varying in each. The whole theme is of the sea, and there are several nice designs of sails against the sky and views of hulls, sharp and clean. *Sea Buoy* stands out favorably in contrasting a modelled form against the usual background.

More in the middle of the see-saw is C. Murray Foster who has proved himself to be a versatile painter, sensitive to color nuances within one key hue. Of this three phases of autumn, *Season's End #1* caught best the shades of starkness and decay. *Metropolitan*, of building shapes seen through a misty scrim of browned colors, comes even closer to reaching that desirable and difficult statement of equilibrium. (Morris, to Feb. 19.)—S.B.

### Morton Mintz

"Tale of an Image," the title of this exhibition, suggests that there is a continuity in the artist's works and behind these images an intention, a definite meaning. Above all Mintz's drawings, prints and watercolors convey fundamental religious insights, reflect his unique sensitivity to spiritual values. Symbols from the Old Testament and from Jewish lore—also the Christ symbol—realized with reverence, with a very fluid and accurate feeling for designs based on the human figure, achieve a veritable, at times even astounding, abstract power.

There are many themes: the Solar Flower (derived from the Star of David) may have lineaments and color like an iris but the articulation of its petals conjures the mysteries of birth and creation. Hebrew calligraphy flames with images. In this alphabet Mintz has discovered ser-



Nancy Ellen Craig: *Girl with Lute*. At City Center

pents, angels, writhing and conflicting spirits, the spiritual relation between man and woman, some remarkable drawings that remind one of nothing less than the mystic visions of William Blake. (Four Directions, to Feb. 26.)—S.B.

### Barnhart and Coke

Two artists from Kentucky show a marked originality in their joint exhibition, (their first New York appearance). Raymond Barnhart, the painter, creates (largely from Mexican subjects) some delightful and convincing lyrics in form and color: a *Village Church* in rose, green, blue enhanced by a personal geometry; a *Banana Grove* done in green lacquer that vibrates with height, growth and pattern; a pastel *Patio* soft, warm and inviting. Though the styles of these are various, each seems well-controlled and suited to the subject. Barnhart has studied with Moholy-Nagy and Albers; one watercolor is almost entirely non-objective.

Van Deren Coke uses the camera as a "means of extending one's personal vision." His studies of children are utterly disarming and natural—of nature, expertly composed and "artificial" in a manner that illuminates outline, texture, light and shade. (Caravan, to Feb. 20.)—S.B.

### Morris Group

Within a limited space the percentage of work worthy of consideration here is gratifyingly high. Among them are: Robert Kalison's woodcuts, strong in design, having at their best a brash and rakish assurance (*Taking the Sunshine*); Hubert Mesibov's abstract expressionist oil, *Western Nocturne*, which creates a subtle atmosphere of night and space; Hilson Leech's *Salt Water Fish* (casein, inks and plastic richly intermingled) gives a depth and sobriety to the subject of a Negro woman and a boy bringing home a large catch. Rose Graubart creates illustrative watercolors so replete with fairy tale figures, expressive children and other fancies they look like tapestry designs. A watercolor by Fritz Morrison of Illinois is particularly strong for this medium. Called *Processional*, it shows traffic being swallowed into the dark stony mouth of a lighted tunnel. (Morris.)—S.B.

## Franz Felix

Romantic subjects, mythological subjects, landscapes, and interiors are included in this show by a painter who was born in Vienna, continued his art studies in New York, and, according to his catalogue introduction, "received his finishing tutelage privately under Arthur de Ferraris, painter of royalty. Mr. Felix paints portraits of the American scene from coast to coast. He likes to paint portraits of the owner and the dog, or the owner and the horse. The artist also finds inspiration in still-lives."

All the paintings here are rendered with a sure eye and a firm hand into an illusionism which matches, tone for tone, the look of their subjects, tactfully withholding the artist's personal feelings as an interpretive factor. (Riley, to Feb. 6)—S.F.



Joe Meierhans: *Jazz*. At Artists' Gallery

## Nancy Singer

Painted with something of a child's enjoyment of brightness, these recently shown oils and watercolors presented their subjects with a fresh, almost saucy gaiety, as in *St. Mark's*, its rolling, candy-colored forms decked out like a circus. (Wellons.)—S.F.

## Lorrie Goulet

A large exhibition of wood and stone sculpture representing some eight years of work offers varied and exciting creative activity by this young sculptress. While many of the stone pieces are knowing in their command of formal structure, the wood carvings overshadow them, revealing a probing and imaginative search for cubistic form. *Abstract* and *Earth*, executed in mahogany, are the finest examples in the show. Vital conceptions of flat and rounded planes, they fairly burst with contained energy and strike a monumental pose. This same vitality is carried over more subtly into the marble pieces, especially the lovely female figures, although their sentimentality and more traditional sense of form anchor them in a past which has little contemporary significance. Also included are a selection of paintings on stone that have all the appearance of very sophisticated primitivism. Their play of black bird and animal shapes on gray and pink stone-grounds create handsome and decorative effects. (Sculpture Center, Feb. 7 to 28.)—A.N.

## Edward John Stevens

Young as he is (32) this is Stevens' 12th one man show and he seems to be moving toward an even tighter degree of complexity. From his past work one might expect that the forms and colors of the Far East would strike him as a reverberating chord of a note he's long heard from within. *The Royal Barges at Bangkok* which actually look like floating boat-birds are the realization of a craft he had imagined, just as are the temples, arcades and headress of Bali and Syria.

The places he saw have been recorded with a patience and devotion which invests reality with the same mystery that surrounds his fanciful fleet of pearly birds, *Moon Swans*. Still it is his inner vision which gives a special quality to the non-existent *Oriental Bird*, with its wild, bejeweled crimson and pink feathering, poised against night-black bare trees, improbable peaks and moon struck village. One has the feeling that Stevens doesn't have to travel to see these things. (Weyhe, to Feb. 28.)—L.G.

## Caravan Group

A large group of young members are exhibiting abstract and non-objective watercolors, drawings and prints. Among the works of higher calibre are a sensitively rendered cosmic print by Ruth Cyril, a lively abstract watercolor by Helen Protas and imaginative compositions of wiry free forms by S. W. Duval, a good colorist. (Caravan.)—C.L.F.

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## Jerri Ricci

Concerned, like John Whorf's, with atmospheric effects, Jerri Ricci's watercolors usually prefer sunless, overcast scenes as their subjects. Close tones are important to her pictures; those half-lit darkens which play up the main points of interest in them: figures on rainy streets, on boats, at a carnival or reading at home.

They are rendered more as arrangements than compositions; slices from nature placed on paper with a casual ease and painted with a deft assurance which trusts almost everything to the eye and the hand. (Milch, to Feb. 12.)—S.F.

## Leonard Brenner

Concerned with the more geometric aspects of abstraction, Leonard Brenner's forms are relatively pure: diamond shapes, rhomboids and rectangular areas in colors which are varied and visually exciting in themselves.

Too often, however, the separate forms do not transcend their decorative flatness, fragmenting the paintings with patterns which fail to merge the canvases into imaginative totalities. An outstanding exception here is *The Crystal*, dominated by deep slate colors which gather blue and other notes into pictorial oneness. (Perdharma, to Mar. 4.)—S.F.

## Charles Seliger

In paintings and brush drawings, Seliger explores the quiet secrets of nature with infinite curiosity and wonder. His fragile, gossamer line is like a spiderweb of astonishing fineness, and harmonizes with his comparably exacting, almost microscopic observations of the mysterious forms of rocks, twigs, flowers, water, birds. When he uses color, it is of a similar preciousness, like the iridescent, fugitive hues of a rare crystal. Fortunately, it is not only the technical brilliance of these works which lures the eye; it is also, and above all, the artist's high imaginative powers which transform these scrupulous nature studies into a magical world of endless awe and fascination. (Willard, Feb. 8 to March 5.)

—R.R.

## Edward Rager

Although at first glance these paintings look like essays in color abstraction, one soon realizes that they offer an unusual landscape vision, in which tiny ghost-like fragments of houses, churches, lights twinkle in mottled expanses of color. If at times more pictorial discipline is wanted to organize these spreading, diffuse color areas, at least the originality of the artist's viewpoint is always engaging. This is especially the case in a scene of sunset where one discovers below the muted orange and red sky a minuscule, creeping skyline edging along the lower border. (Loft, to Feb. 23.)—R.R.

## Modern Haitian Painters

Belonging to a group known as the Foyer des Arts Plastiques these seven Haitian painters share an almost identical painting vision, which can be observed in their predilection for vivid, almost garish color, and stylized figure interpretations bordering on semi-abstraction. A few of the ar-



Jerri Ricci: *Cathedral of St. John the Devine*

tists, however, rise above this similarity of expression to affirm greater individuality and artistic validity. Among them are Dieudonné L. Cédor and Luckner Lazzari whose well-composed figure studies achieve strength and vitality. The others in this small collection are R. Exumé, N. Jean, J. Jacob, Elzire Mallebranche and Denis Emile. (Galeria Sudamericana, Feb. 5 to 26.)—A.N.

## Geoffrey Holder

A professional dancer from Trinidad, Holder is also something of a painter. He is concerned above all with depicting his own people, whom he shows in native costume, standing in quiet dignity. Although these static poses with their stylized attenuations of drapery and anatomy become somewhat monotonous, they are occasionally enlivened by such vivid color accents as the hot yellow of a bandanna or by the unusually high and narrow proportions of some of the canvases. (Barone, to Mar. 1.)—R. R.

## Alexander Bing

A thorough-going abstractionist, Bing restricts his effects to those which may be achieved from tasteful color and discreetly variegated textures. Although this is hardly sufficient to comprise a forceful artistic expression, these paintings nevertheless offer more than a modicum of visual appeal. This may be attributed to the fact that they are properly small and unassertive, and well aware of the limited but pleasant range of their vocabulary. (B. Schaeffer, Feb. 7 to 26.)—R.R.

## Randall Witherell

With a tourist's eye for the picturesque and a penchant for the dramatic, Witherell composes fragments of the European and American scene in a neo-romantic vein. Deserted piazzas, broken columns, brooding skies, relics of past glories are united with an appealingly theatrical verve. Happily, these melancholy vistas are supported by an attractive pictorial vivacity, distinguished by its fluid, brisk technique and its coolly harmonized tonalities. (Karnig, Feb. 3 to 19.)—R.R.

## William Fisher

Maine coasts battered by surging seas or as the haven for small fishing boats, are rendered in a very realistic fashion in the latest paintings by William Fisher. They make no pretense at being more than sym-



pathetic and skilled. However, in the lyrical expressiveness of *Morning Fisher* captures genuine impressionistic color play of early sunlight on quiet waters. (Eighth St.)—A.N.

### Menahem Lewin

Deriving technique and imagery from both modern expressionist masters and the American social realist painters of the 30s, Lewin's paintings are all cast in a melodramatic mode. His favorite device is a juxtaposition of grotesque figures with garishly colored abstract forms. There are details in *Joshua* and *Street Scene*, which give evidence that Lewin can address his brush to the canvas with finesse, but there is no single work here which asserts itself with clarity and force. (Panoras, to Feb. 12.)—H.K.

### Civkin—Yeorgans

Lora Civkin's paintings are contrasts to Hart Yeorgans' in this two-man show of oils. Where he cuts and outlines his forms more or less analytically, his sensual response to color seemingly hemmed in by his intellect, her hues are released from linear boundaries to float in slow, translucent flows or swirl in great curves of modulated movement, so that a subjective imagery emerges which relates to animate presences in skies or water. (Matrix, to Feb. 13.)—S.F.

### Florence Rand

Evoking somber moods through deep blues, greens and purples the paintings of Florence Rand echo the tragic overtones of the German expressionist period. This expressionist attitude can also be found in her approach to form, essentially semi-abstract and capable of dynamic treatment, as in the depressing *Cafeteria 3-A.M.* and the well-composed *Meet Me Again*. The muted color harmonies and flowing form make the latter one of the most satisfying in the show, while unlike these, *Birch and Pine* and *Blue Shadow-Yellow Wall* exhibit a more poetic and tender mood. (Eighth St.)—A.N.

Kay Harris: *Marshlands near Hook Creek, L. I.* At Art of Today Gallery.



February 1, 1955

### Ely Behar

The posthumous exhibition of colorful still-lives and sweeping landscapes reveal Ely Behar to be an ardent and skilled observer of nature's appearance. From the early paintings of Normandy, where he was born, to the depictions of New York scenes can be detected a steady growth both in his painting techniques and his picture conceptualization. It is in the cavases of the last ten years that particular changes occurred which might have led Behar to quite different pictorial ideas. The simplified forms and color clarification of *Lemon Creek* and *Great Kills, S. I.* rise above the prevalent illustrational character of Behar's work, and might be seen as an initial step towards more contemporary vision. (Ward Eggleston, to Feb. 12.)—A.N.

### Irving Lehman

"Variations on New York" is the theme of Lehman's current show, but most of the paintings deal more specifically with the city's buildings in construction.

The compositions in themselves are put together like buildings: their skeletal divisions are made taut by the artist's feelings for equilibrium, their structure spanned by lines crisscrossing the surfaces like weight-bearing beams. Upon these scaffolds Lehman bases sheets of flat color planes in alternate recessions and advances, the interplay of line and color creating both a decorative pictorial facade and effective visual translations of the sound and speed of the metropolitan pulsebeat. (Salpeter, to Feb. 12.)—S.F.

### Dorothy Abowitz

Illustrative Palestinian subjects and less casually composed still-lives, all in harmonious, relatively low-keyed tonalities. (Crespi, to Feb. 12.)—S.F.

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### Joseph Chenoweth

According to the artist, these pictures are for the purpose of enhancing the home but this reviewer feels better compositions, color, and technique would be necessary to make them sufficient for this purpose. Academic landscapes comprise most of the show. Having richer color and a more stimulating composition, one departure from the usual subject matter, titled *Poppies*, is quite pleasing. (Grand Central, to Feb. 12.)—C.L.F.

### Sarai Sherman

Considerable feeling pervades these brooding melancholic paintings done in Italy by Sarai Sherman. Hers are unique impressions of human life worked into large scaled abstract compositions. Sad facial expressions and often grotesquely distorted bodies characterize her expressive subjects. Having indistinct outlines, her rather amorphous shapes and soft elusive coloring make these works seem somewhat unresolved. For the most part the compositions appear to be unintegrated. Stronger in composition with forms of a more decisive nature, a few such as *Peaceful Shepard* and *Roman Roofs* are more convincing statements. Together with these oils, a dozen or more drawings have similar attributes and shortcomings. (A. C. A., to Feb. 19.)—C.L.F.

### Donald F. Allan

Careful studies of naturalistic portraits and still lifes, highlighted by the more freely painted, less literal interpretation of the *The Broken Mirror*. (Crespi, to Feb. 19.)—S.F.

### Kottler Group

Various efforts at oil and watercolor expressions engage the seven painters who make up this exhibition, and they are joined by sculptor Ruth Zack, who shows 12 small works. Wilberforce Sully's watercolors deal with traditional subjects; Harry Mathes is represented by three works of which the Picasso-esque *Figures in Interior* comes closest to realization; William Meyerowitz also shows three pieces, notably *The Riders*. Others in the exhibition are Marie Wilner, Theresa Bernstein, J. William Runge and Guy Fraumeni. Miss Zack's sculptures are scattered throughout this painting show in a way which tends to dissipate their modest power. (Kottler)—H.K.

### Auction Calendar

Daily through February 5, starting at 10:00 A.M. each day, on the premises of John Wanamaker, New York Store. Auction conducted by the Parke-Bernet Galleries. Antique furniture, decorative objects, china and glass, silver and miscellaneous household objects.

February 10-11-12, 1:45 P.M. Parke-Bernet Galleries. French and Venetian furniture; paintings, rugs, decorative objects. Property of several owners. Exhibition from February 5.

February 16, 1:45 and 8:00 P.M. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Rare Americana, 16th and 17th century, including books, broadsides, newspapers and almanacs; also English literature, 17th-18th century. Collected by the late Andre de Coppet. Includes a presentation copy of Boswell's "Life of Johnson." Exhibition from February 5.

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15. Blanks due: Feb. 10. Awards: purchase  
prizes of \$100 and \$50. Write Victor Black-  
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54TH SPRING ANN. ART ASSOCIATION OF  
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12TH ANN. EXHIBITION. Norwich Art Asso-  
ciation, March 13-27. Converse Art Gallery.  
Open to Connecticut artists only. All media.  
Fee: \$2 for non-members. Jury: prizes. Work  
due: March 5-6. Write to Joseph P. Gualtieri,  
Norwich Art School, Norwich, Conn.

#### Sarasota, Florida

SARASOTA ART ASSOCIATION FIFTH AN-  
NUAL MEMBERS' EXHIBITION, March 6-April  
1. Members only. Limited membership \$5.  
Media: All. Jury. \$600.00 cash prizes. Work  
due Feb. 17. White Sarasota Art Association,  
P.O. Box 1907, Sarasota, Florida.

#### Washington, D. C.

58TH ANN. NATIONAL EXHIBITION of the  
Washington Watercolor Club. National Col-  
lection of Fine Arts, March 6-25. Open to all  
artists. Media: watercolor, pastel & graph-  
ics. Entry cards due: Feb. 19. Works due:  
Feb. 26. Jury & cash prizes. Write to Merle  
Foshag, Washington Watercolor Club, 5202  
Westwood Dr., Washington 16, D. C.

#### West New York, New Jersey

THE NATIONAL ARTS CLUB, Painters and  
Sculptors Society of New Jersey, April 28-  
May 14. Open to all artists. Media: oil,  
watercolor, sculpture and graphics. Fee: \$5.  
(\$2 refund if not accepted. Jury: prizes. En-  
try cards and work due: April 23. Write to  
Gertrude F. Smith, 37 Duncan Ave., Jersey  
City, N. J.

#### Wichita, Kansas

WICHITA, KANSAS, ART ASSOCIATION 10TH  
NATIONAL DECORATIVE ARTS-CERAMIC  
EXH., April 11-May 11. Fee: \$3. Entries due:  
March 8-15. Jury: prizes. Write to Mrs.  
Maude Schollenberger, 401 North Belmont  
Ave., Wichita, Kansas.

#### Youngstown, Ohio

20TH ANN. MID-YEAR SHOW. The Butler In-  
stitute of American Art, July 1-Labor Day.  
Open to artists in U. S. & territories. Media:  
oil & Watercolor. Prizes: total \$5000. Entry  
fee. Jury. Work due: June 5. Write to the  
Secretary, Butler Institute of American Art,  
Youngstown 2, Ohio.

### Regional

#### Dallas, Texas

DALLAS COUNTY 26TH ANN. OF PAINTING  
& SCULPTURE, May 8-June 5. No fee. Jury:  
prizes. Entries due: May 4. Write to Dallas  
Association of Fine Arts, Fair Park, Dallas 10,  
Texas.

#### Louisville, Kentucky

28TH LOUISVILLE ART CENTER ANNUAL, J.  
B. Speed Art Museum, April 1-30. Open to  
natives or residents of Kentucky and South-  
west Indiana. All media. Fee: \$2.50. Jury:  
prizes. Entry cards due: March 11. Work  
due: March 14. Write to Miss Miriam Long-  
den, Art Center Association, 2111 South 1st  
Street, Louisville 8, Ky.

#### New Orleans, Louisiana

54TH SPRING ANNUAL, Art Association of  
New Orleans, Isaac Delgado Museum of Art,  
Feb. 27-Mar. 22. Open to members of the  
association. Entry blanks due: Feb. 9. En-  
tries due: Feb. 9 at 5:00 P.M. All media.  
Jury: prizes. Write to the Isaac Delgado  
Museum of Art, Lelong Ave., City Park, New  
Orleans 19, Pa.

#### Norwalk, Connecticut

6TH ANNUAL NEW ENGLAND SHOW, Silver-  
mine Guild of Artists, June 12-July 10. Open  
to artists born in New England or a resident  
therein for two months of the year. Media:  
oil, watercolor, casein, pastel, ceramics and  
sculpture. Fee: \$3 for two entries in any  
one medium. Entry cards and work due: May  
6-9. Jury: prizes. Write to Revington Arthur,  
Silvermine Guild of Artists, Norwalk, Conn.

#### Portland, Oregon

6TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF NORTHWEST  
CERAMICS, Oregon Ceramic Studio, May 13-  
June 11. Open to artists residing in British  
Columbia, Idaho, Montana, Oregon and  
Wash. Media: pottery, ceramic sculpture and  
enamel. Jury: prizes. Entries due: April 11-  
25. Write to Oregon Ceramic Studio, 3934  
S. W. Corbett Ave., Portland 1, Oregon.

#### Seattle, Washington

THIRD ANNUAL NORTHWEST CRAFTSMEN'S  
EXHIBITION, Henry Gallery, University of  
Washington, March 6-April 6. Open to crafts-  
men of Washington, Oregon, Montana, Idaho,  
British Columbia and Alaska. Media: ceram-  
ics, jewelry, weaving, metalwork, enamels,  
wooden containers and tableware, lamps, and  
fabrics. Jury: prizes. Work due: Feb. 11-12.  
(Out-of-town work due: Feb. 12.) Write to  
Henry Gallery, University of Washington, Se-  
attle, Wash., for information.



# Calendar of Exhibitions

## ALBANY, N. Y.

Inst. To Feb. 21: 18th C. Pigs.  
ANN ARBOR, MICH.  
Univ. Feb. 13-Mar. 6: Landscapes.  
ATHENS, GA.  
Museum To Feb. 28: Indian art.  
BALTIMORE, MD.  
Inst. Feb. 6-Mar. 23: Annual Fine  
& Applied.  
Walters Feb. 5-Mar. 27: Hellenistic  
& Roman.

## BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.

Perls To Feb. 12: E. Berman.  
Silagy Fr. & Amer. Mod.  
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.  
Museum To Feb. 20: Goya Etch.;  
Festival of Arts.

## BOSTON, MASS.

Brown To Feb. 12: Jack Wolfe.  
Doll & Richards To Feb. 12: R. H. I.  
Gammell.  
Inst. of Cont. Art To Feb. 13: R.  
DeLaunay.

## MUSEUM PERMA. COLL.

BUFFALO, N. Y.  
Albright To Feb. 6: Hartley.  
Knaths, Rattner.

## CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Busch To Feb. 26: Blaue Reiter.  
Fogg To Feb. 15: Ancient Art.  
CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA  
Coe Guggenheim Pigs.

## CHICAGO, ILL.

Art Inst. To Feb. 27: D. Meeger;  
M. Gubler.  
Arts Club To Feb. 26: Janicki; H.  
Sterne; Glasco.

Frumkin Feb.: R. Diebenkorn.  
Geller Emil Armin.

Ill. Inst. To Feb. 11: Art Education.  
Library To Feb. 26: Yacco; Gouldin.

Main St. Feb.: M. Guberti.  
Palmer Feb. 11-Mar. 12: C. Burg.

CINCINNATI, OHIO  
Museum To Mar. 20: Amer. Color  
Prints, 1954.

## CLEVELAND, OHIO

Art Colony To Feb. 12: Miller;  
Caparn.

Museum To Mar. 13: Lipchitz.  
COCONUT GROVE, FLA.

Mirell To Feb. 28: Group.  
CORNING, N. Y.

Museum To Feb. 14: Ireland Artists.  
DALLAS, TEX.

Museum Feb.: Eur. Pigs.; Dali  
Jewelry.

## DAVENPORT, IOWA

Municipal To Feb. 27: "Planned For  
Craftsmen."

## DAYTON, OHIO

Art Inst. Feb.: M. B. Sharon.  
DES MOINES, IOWA

Art Center To Mar. 6: Iowa Ann'l.  
FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.

Univ. To Feb. 15: Bldg. in Nether-  
lands.

## FITCHBURG, MASS.

Museum To Feb. 13: J. Berger.

## GAINESVILLE, FLA.

Univ. To Feb. 27: Middle Ages thru  
Photo.

## HARTFORD, CONN.

Museum To Feb. 15: Costumes.

## HOUSTON, TEX.

Museum To Feb. 20: Picasso.

## HUNTINGTON, W. VA.

Galleries To Feb. 27: Amer.  
Jewelry.

## INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Herron To Mar. 13: Eng. Regency  
Design.

## KANSAS CITY, MO.

Nelson Perm. Coll.  
LEXINGTON, KY.

Univ. Feb.: Childlaw; Eades.  
LINCOLN, MASS.

DeCordova To Feb. 24: Stamos;  
Siporin; Bliss.

## LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Kantor E. Bischoff.  
Museum To Feb. 27: Miestchan-  
inoff.

Stendahl Ancient Amer.; Mod. Fr.  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

Speed To Feb. 24: Ky. Artists.

## MADISON, WISC.

Union Gallery To Feb. 8: Townley.

## MANCHESTER, N. H.

Currier Perm. Coll.  
MILWAUKEE, WISC.

## ART INST. PERMA. COLL.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.  
Inst. To Feb. 27: 40 Masterpieces;  
Chinese Art.

## MONTCLAIR, N. J.

Walker Feb.: Brassai.

## MONTREAL, CANADA

Museum To Feb. 27: Prints  
MONTREAL, CANADA

Museum Feb. 18-Mar. 20: Matisse.  
NEWARK, N. J.

Museum Feb.: Sargent; Whistler;  
Cassatt Drwgs. & Prints.

## NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

Art Gallery To Feb. 12: Chinese  
Pigs.

## NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Delgado To Feb. 22: Sargent Drwgs.

## NEW YORK, N. Y.

Museums  
Brooklyn (Eastern Pkwy) To Feb.

27: Old Master Prints; Feb. 9-  
Apr. 15: "Thank God For Tea."

Cooper Union (Cooper Sq.) Feb. 1-  
19: Electronic Abstractions.

Guggenheim (5th at 88) Feb.:  
Robert Delaunay.

Jewish (5th at 92) To Apr.: Under  
Freedom.

Metropolitan (5th at 82) To Feb. 27:  
Art of the Hebrew Tradition.

Modern (11 W. 53) To Feb. 13:  
European Prints; To Apr. 24:  
Family of Man.

National Academy (5th at 89) To  
Feb. 6: Audubon Artists; Feb. 24-  
Mar. 20: 130th Annual.

Riverside (Riv. Dr. at 103) Feb. 6-  
27: National Society of Painters  
in Casein.

Whitney (22 W 54) To Feb. 20:  
Cont. American Annual.

## GALLERIES

A.A.A. (711 5th at 55) To Feb. 6:  
Daumier Lithos; Feb. 7-26: G.  
Krause.

A.C.A. (63 E 57) To Feb. 19: S.  
Sherman.

Advanced (46 W 21) Cont. Art.  
Alan (32 E 65) Feb. 15-Mar. 5:  
Denman Coll.

Argent (67 E 59) Feb. 7-26: V.  
Gunkel.

Artists (851 Lex at 64) Feb. 5-24: J.  
Meierthans.

A.S.L. (215 W 57) Feb.: Former  
Students.

Babcock (38 E 57) To Feb. 12:  
Amer. Art; Feb. 14-Mar. 5: H.  
Saslow.

Barone (202 E 51) To Feb. 27: J.  
Holder.

Borgenicht (61 E 57) To Feb. 13: T.  
Werner.

Brown Stone (146 E 57) Feb.: I.  
Wending.

Caravan (132 E 65) To Feb. 20: R.  
Barnhart; V. D. Coke.

Carnegie Hall (154 W 57) Feb.:  
Group.

Carstairs (11 E 57) Fr. Pigs.  
City Center (131 W 55) Feb.: Oils.  
Coeval (100 W 56) To Feb.: S.  
Kolin.

Contemporary Arts (108 E 57) To  
Feb. 18: M. Visser's Hoof.

Cooper (313 W 53) To Feb. 18: E.  
Zundel.

Creative (108 W 56) Group.  
Crespi (205 W 58) To Feb. 12: D.  
Abowitz; Feb. 4-19: D. Allen.

Davis (231 E 60) To Feb. 13: Paint-  
er's Portraits.

Deitsch (51 E 73) Prints by app't.  
Downtown (32 E 51) To Feb. 12:  
Shahn.

Durlacher (11 E 57) Feb. 1-26: K.  
Vaughan.

Egan (46 E 57) Cont. Pigs.  
Eggleston (969 Mad at 78) To Feb.  
12: E. Behar.

Eligth St. (33 W 8) To Feb. 13:  
Bronx Artists Guild.

Feigl (601 Mad at 57) To Feb. 26:  
Mod. Fr.

Ferragil (19 E 55) Contact F. N.  
Fine Arts Associates (41 E 57) Feb.  
7-28: Cont. Fr.

Forum (822 Mad at 68) To Feb. 18:  
Univ. of N. Carolina.

Four Directions (114 4th at 12) Feb.  
5-26: M. Mintz.

Fried (40 E 68) Feb. 14-Mar. 5:  
MacDonald-Wright.

Friedman (20 E 49) Feb.: F. C.  
Rodewald.

Galerie Chalette (45 W 57) Fr. Pigs.  
Galerie de Braux (131 E 55) Feb.:  
Austrian Painters.

Gallery G (200 E 58) Cont. Pigs.  
Galerie Hervé (611 Mad) Cont. Fr.

Galerie Moderne (49 W 53) To Feb.  
9: M. Stevens; Feb. 10-Mar. 2: G.  
Dayez.

Galleria Pierino (127 Macdougall)  
Group.

Galerie St. Etienne (46 W 57) To  
Feb. 12: 19th C. Woods, Prints.

Gallery 75 (30 E 75) Cont. Pigs.  
Gallery 21 (21 E 63) From Feb. 14:  
A.A.P.L.

Galeria Sudamericana (866 Lex at  
66) Feb. 5-26: 7 Haitian Pts.

Ganso (125 E 57) Feb. 7-26: C. Stev-  
ens, sculp.

Grand Central (15 Vand. at 42) Feb.  
1-12: J. Chenoweth; Feb. 8-19:  
O'Hara.

Grand Central Moderns (120 E 57)  
To Feb. 18: Outlook 1955.

Hacker (24 W 58) To Feb. 12: Tel-  
berg; Feb. 13 & 14: Painted in  
Positano.

Hall of Art (534 Mad at 55) Cont.  
Pigs.

Hansa (210 Cent. Pk S.) Feb. 7-27:  
W. Kahn.

Heller (63 E 57) Feb. 1-19: Simpson-  
Middleman.

Iolas (46 E 57) To Feb. 13: Vagis,  
sculp.

Jackson (22 E 66) To Feb. 26: Ger-  
man Painting Today.

Jacobi (46 W 52) Feb. 1-12: R.  
Jacobi.

James (70 E 12) To Feb. 13: T.  
Hannan.

Janis (15 E 57) To Feb. 26: J.  
Albers.

Karnig (19½ E 62) Feb. 3-19: R.  
Wetherell.

Kennedy (785 5th at 59) Feb. 4-26:  
Amer. Graphic Ann'l.

Kleemann (11 E 68) Feb.: Europ.  
Primitives.

Knoedler (14 E 57) To Feb. 12:  
Cone. Coll.

Koots (600 Mad. at 57) To Feb. 12:  
H. Ferber, sculp.

Korman (835 Mad at 69) To Feb. 12:  
Group.

Kottler (108 E 57) Feb.: Group.  
Kraushaar (32 E 57) To Feb. 19: J.  
Lechay.

Lilliput (231½ Ellis) 10th (Winter)  
Quarterly (Wed. & Fri. 3-7).

Loft (302 E 45) To Feb. 23: E.  
Rager.

Matias (41 E 57) From Feb. 8: P.  
Martin.

Matrix (26 St. Mark's Pl.) To Feb.  
11: L. Civkin; A. Yeargans.

Mi Chou (320-B W 81) To Feb. 27:  
Chi Pai Shih.

Midtown (17 E 57) To Feb. 12: D.  
Rosenthal.

Milch (55 E 57) To Feb. 12: J. Ricci.  
Morris (174 Waverly Pl.) To Feb.  
20: J. Conroy; M. Foster; R.  
Kallison.

National Arts (15 Gram. Pk.) Feb.  
4-17: C. Lorillard Wolfe Ann'l.

New (601 Mad at 57) Feb. 1-20: N.  
Pharr.

Newhouse (15 E 57) To Feb. 13: A.  
Enters.

N. Y. Circl. Lib. of Pigs. (23 E 72)  
Cont. Amer. & Fr.

Niveau (982 Mad at 76) Feb. 1-12:  
Cobelle.

Panoras (82 W 56) To Feb. 12: M.  
Lewin.

Parman (1107 Lex) To Feb. 12: R.  
Dain & A. Dain.

Parnassus (509 Mad at 53) Pre-1900  
Amer.

Parsons (15 E 57) To Feb. 19: R.  
Poussette-Dart.

Passedoit (121 E 57) Feb. 7-26: M.  
Davidson.

Pen & Brush (16 E 10) To Feb. 15:  
Crafts.

Perdalla (110 E 57) To Feb. 11: E.  
Keiffer.

Peridot (820 Mad at 68) To Feb. 12:  
T. Heima.

Peris (1016 Mad at 78) To Mar. 13:  
R. Duly.

Rehn (693 5th at 54) To Feb. 19:  
H. V. Poor.

Riley (26 E 53) To Feb. 6: F. Felix.  
Roko (51 Greenwich) To Feb. 23:  
M. Eitem.

Rosenberg (20 E 79) Fr. & Amer.  
Rosenthal (840 B'way at 13) Feb.  
14-Mar. 11: League of Present  
Day Artists.

Saidenberg (10 E 77) Feb.: A. Ter-  
ris, sculp.; Group.

Salmagundi (47 5th) Feb. 6-25: Oil  
Ann'l.

Scalper (42 E 57) To Feb. 12: I.  
Lehman.

Schab (602 Mad at 57) Rare Prints.  
Schaefer (32 E 57) Feb. 7-26: A. M.  
Bing.

Schoneman (63 E 57) Feb. 4-25: J.  
W. Schulein.

Segy (708 Lex at 57) African Sculp;  
5th Anniversary.

Seligmann (5 E 57) The Dukes  
d'Arenberg Engravings.

Serigraph (38 W 57) To Mar. 8: Dis-  
coveries, Amer. & Europ.

Stable (924 7th at 58) To Feb. 27: J.  
Ferren.

Tanager (90 E 10) To Feb. 10: P.  
Feinstein.

Teachers Union (206 W 15) Feb. 5-  
27: R. Jacobson.

The Contemporaries (959 Mad at  
75) To Feb. 18: Graphic Outlook  
1955.

Tibor De Nagy (206 E 53) Feb. 1-26:  
F. Porter.

Urban (19 E 76) Feb.: Group.

Valentin (32 E 57) Feb. 8-Mar. 5:  
J. Piper.

Van Diemen-Lilienfeld (21 E 57)  
Mod. Fr.

Village Art Center (39 Grove) To  
Feb. 18: Watercolors.

Viviano (42 E 57) To Feb. 28: R.  
Bioroli.

Walker (117 E 57) Feb.: Collectors'  
Finds.

Wellons (70 E 56) To Feb. 12:  
Iskantor.

Weyhe (794 Lex at 61) E. J. Stevens.  
Wildenstein (19 E 64) Selected  
Paintings.

Willard (23 W 56) Feb. 8-Mar. 5:  
C. Seliger.

Wittenborn (38 E 57) Graphics.  
NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

Smith Feb.: Fr. 20th C. Prints.  
OAKLAND, CALIF.

Museum Cont. Amer. Indian Pigs.  
ORONO, ME.

Univ. Feb.: Muench, J. T. Arms.  
PASADENA, CALIF.

Museum To Feb. 20: Claremont  
Artists.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
Art Alliance To Feb. 19: Frank  
Mancuso.

Little Cont. Fr. Pigs.  
Museum To Feb. 13: Dali Jewels.

Schurz To Feb. 11: Henselmann.  
PHOENIX, ARIZ.

Art Center To Feb. 20: Cont. Amer.  
PITTSBURGH, PA.

Arts and Crafts To Mar. 1: C.  
Kermes.

Carnegie Inst. To Mar. 17: Annual  
Assoc. Artists.

PITTSFIELD, MASS.  
Berkshire To Feb. 28: Posters.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.  
Dey-Gosse To Feb. 19: Cont.  
Mexican.

School of Design To Feb. 13:  
Rothko; Group.

REDWOOD CITY, CALIF.  
De Young To Mar. 20: Furn.

San Mateo Lib. Feb.: 60 Prints.  
ROANOKE, VA.

Fine Arts Center To Feb. 8: Fla.  
Group.

SACRAMENTO, CALIF.  
Crocker To Feb. 20: Morrow; Eg-  
gert; Drwgs.

ST. LOUIS, MO.  
Museum To Feb. 14: Rodin.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.  
Witte To Feb. 27: Group.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.  
De Young To Mar. 20: Furn.

Gump's To Feb. 16: Robert Davey.  
Japan Child. Pigs.

Museum To Feb. 13: Bay Area  
Mod.

Rutherford Feb.: Group.  
6 Gallery To Feb. 20: Carriage;  
Remington.

SAN MARINO, CALIF.  
Huntington Feb.: Rowlandson.

SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.  
Museum To Feb. 22: Rouault.

SARASOTA, FLA.  
Rising To Feb. 28: Signif. Fur-  
chases.

about Renoir and Monet, with both of whom he had frequently talked, and Matisse, whom he had first met in the villa of the Steins at Fiesole, had etched a portrait of this American critic and painter. In Paris, Pach had met two men who had actually known Delacroix, the artist whose *Journal* he was to translate,—as he wrote the first book on Ingres in America or England,—and he had fallen in with Redon, Rouault, Brancusi and Derain, one or two of whom had become his friends. He had talked often with Picasso and Braque in the rue de Fleurus at Gertrude Stein's, and with Jacques Villon he had written and published a commemorative study of Duchamp-Villon, the brother of Marcel Duchamp who lived in New York. When someone enquired where was the "nude" in Duchamp's picture, the "Nude Descending the Stairs" in the Armory Show, it was Pach who asked where was the moon in the Moonlight Sonata. The translator of Elie Faure's *History of Art*, Pach had met Thomas Eakins too and written one of the first appreciative essays on him, and he had often visited Albert P. Ryder in his back room in the tenement-house in New York. He had ploughed through the debris amid which "Uncle Ryder," the friend of all the slum children and his poor fellow-lodgers, had "realized his golden dream" in works of art, while comfort and discomfort, fair weather and foul, seemed all the same to him, as Pach was to observe in *Queer Thing, Painting*. Ryder, the child of New Bedford and the painter of "Jonah and the Whale," who might have painted the Spouter Inn and Queequeg, had lived in New York almost as obscurely as Melville.

For Pach the pre-war years in Paris were a time of great expansion when he felt what he called "big things ahead," and he also felt that Americans had been living "off the canned foods of art" when there was fresh meat and fresh fruit on these French tables. "The reason for an interest in modern art is very simple," he observed, "that it is the only kind we can produce," while he had himself a historical perspective not only of European and Asiatic art but of the art of the Incas, Aztecs and Mayans. Agreeing with Renoir that the museum is "the real teacher of all the great men" and what he called "the mariner's compass of art," he felt that to falsify its indications was to throw artists out of their course, perhaps on the rocks. Because of this we wrote *Ananias or the False Artist* to specify the modern counterfeits of art and show how important it was to exercise judgment regarding the choice of objects for museums. Attacking the simulacra of art, the mere "coloured photographs" that had such a powerful influence on the taste of the time, exposing the artists who, he felt, betrayed their noble calling, he made enemies right and left in the most powerful circles. But this modernist who knew the ancient arts better than most of the academicians, as he knew by heart the great museums of the world, and as he knew the American public from travelling and lecturing through the South and the West, was no less humble than he was courageous. "One is never too far advanced in art to renounce humility," he wrote, "as a primary need in one's attitude toward the subject." He regarded the masters with an all but religious veneration.

Now Cézanne's work had shown Pach the greatness of Signorelli, whom he said he had never "truly seen,"—although he had spent weeks copying a Signorelli painting,—and just so it was the ultra-moderns who opened John Sloan's eyes to what he called "the real mystery of the old masters." He meant their "thought processes" and the "technique which gives power to form," and it was after the Armory Show that he began to study them, sharing for the

first time Pach's feeling about museums. "Brush-work" and what he called "drawing with paint, leaving the brush-technique on the surface" came to seem to him mere "paint slinging," and, although he was never to paint abstractly, he absorbed just the same a great deal from the new abstract French artists. He was excited by their concern with structure and particularly texture, while he owed to some of the modern men what he described as a "new freedom in using colour graphics." He saw for the first time at the Armory Show paintings by Renoir and Van Gogh, both of whom influenced him in very large measure when he was trying to enlarge the scope of his palette. At the same moment, the primitive Italians and Flemings largely took for him the place that Frans Hals had taken in his earlier interest, for, with his liking for the kind of work that showed how it was done, he had only admired these old masters distantly and slightly, he remembered how, looking at reproductions, he had passed by anything with a religious motif, feeling that "that wasn't life" and that the painting was "tight" as compared with the work of the "fluid brush boys." But now he began to see in Giotto or Carpaccio what the modern movement was driving at, for Picasso and Matisse had taught him to appreciate plastic form and textural significance and what he called "the sign-making graphics of painting." He had had no use himself for "realism without realization," but Cézanne spoke volumes to Sloan when he said, "Nature's forms are not art's forms" and "I have not tried to reproduce nature, I have represented her." For Sloan, in a word, the Armory Show was an education and also "the beginning of a journey into the living past. The blinders fell from my eyes," he said, "and I could look at religious pictures without seeing their subjects. I was freed to enjoy the sculptures of Africa and prehistoric Mexico because visual verisimilitude was no longer important. I realized that these things were made in response to life, distorted to emphasize ideas about life, emotional qualities of life." So John Sloan was to write thirty-five years later.

What Walter Pach said about the Fauves, that they had inaugurated "a period of *conscious purpose*" as compared with "the reliance on instinct of the time before,"—all this, generally true of artists, was true specifically of Sloan, who was ready, at forty-two, for this new dispensation. Aroused to a sense of plastic values, and feeling almost for the first time that "the making of a picture could be a joyful thing," he understood what George Moore meant when he spoke of the failure of the nineteenth century in making painting a handmaiden to literature. The Armory Show revealed to Sloan "how far the mind's sight differs from eyesight," and he felt that these artists had freed the world from "servitude to merely optical effects," returning it to the "fundamental root principles of art." Sloan could not say too often that our eyes have been sharpened by photography and our brains dulled by the same process, while the medicine of ultra-modern art had almost brought about a cure for the disease of "eyesight imitation." But was this art really new? There was nothing new in art. "What has happened is just a return to the old standards: some of them African, some Aztec, some Hindu, some Negro, some Chinese, some European. A return to those old arts has been dubbed the 'modern movement.'"

Thus the Armory Show, that turning-point in American art-history, was also a turning-point in the life of Sloan, for it opened a new epoch in his work and outlook. He often said later that the artists of America were producing amazing fruits from the seeds that were sown at that great exhibition, even though he might have agreed with Maurice Prendergast that there was "too much Oh-my-God! art" in it.



**DONG KINGMAN,**

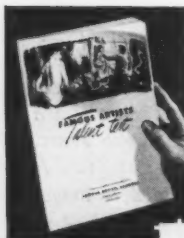
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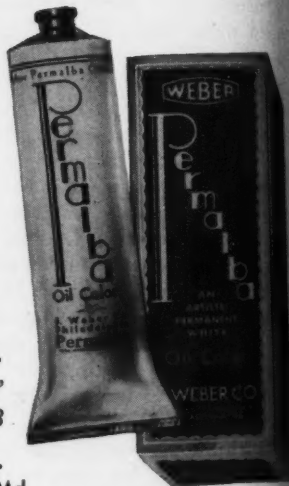
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